

THE LIVING AGE

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BY E. LITTELL

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1925

Why Europe Won't Go Democratic

BY

COUNT ALBERT APPONYI

Shamrock and Thistle in Glasgow

The Philosophers' Finishing School

BY

AN OLD ALUMNUS

The Last Days of a Great Lover

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

June 13, 1925

Vol. 325

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THIS WEEK

'ARE the Scotch really worse than the English?' is a question that has probably baffled even the best of us. Interested aristocrats will find some useful material in 'A Southron in Scotland.' Here we see in action the dull domineering inhabitants of Glasgow, jealous of the cleverer Irish, aping the less imaginative English, oppressing each other whenever they get the chance. They make Arnold Bennett's characters look like saints and sages: the atmosphere of the Five Towns is invigorating and sanitary in comparison. The author is an Englishman, — Southron is just a pet name the Highlanders have for his ilk, — so he may be a little prejudiced. To be continued in our next, in a somewhat more cheerful vein.

~ ~ ~

Frank A. Clement has resorted to fiction to prove that there is such a thing as luck in the world. We can go him one better and tell a true story proving the same point. It seems there was a man who took the *Living Age* and never allowed his subscription to run out.

~ ~ ~

Count Albert Apponyi can think of just three difficulties which European democracy is facing to-day. They are: (a) congenital incompetence, (b) lack of unity, and (c) the Peace Treaty. Some of the seeds of Wilsonism have lit on barren ground, others have fallen among weeds, and all are in danger of being attacked by the Versailles boll weevil at any moment. But such matters are of small concern to those members of the Darmstadt A. C. who have won their W's playing on the chess team at Count Hermann Keyserling's School of Wisdom. One of the most popular professors there is a German Buddhist who is said to train on half a tomato a day. He talks by the hour, and if there are as many as three people still in the room when he stops, he is infuriated, because he knows that at least two of them cannot under-

stand what he has been saying. Another college boy, *Kagawa Toyobiko*, a fellow alumnus of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Woodrow Wilson, is on hand with a slightly censored account of the Kobe Rice Riots (this is not meant to be Cockney dialect), in which he tells how the indignant townspeople set fire to a profiteer's office building. Perhaps there is a suggestion here for the outraged motorist and his favorite filling station.

~ ~ ~

Qualitative civilization, says *Paul Seippel*, quoting Ferrero and keeping an eye on Gloria Swanson's new husband, is the great contribution of France to human culture. We Americans, of course, can only turn out our stuff on a quantity basis. Superficially this seems all right; for more people probably go to the movies each week than read the *Living Age*; yet one feels that there is a fallacy somewhere. Perhaps our trouble is that we have n't bred enough Casanovas, though he was not a strictly Gallic product. One gathers, however, from *Max Brod's* account of Casanova's real home-coming that the poor old fellow did n't start writing his memoirs until he had to live in a town called Dux at the age of seventy-three. Perhaps if Casanova had been born in Boston and had worked at the *Living Age* every day from nine to five he might have left something more creditable behind him. Or, on the other hand, of course he might not.

~ ~ ~

Carlos B. Quiroga has written a fascinating little sketch about an old fellow who used to go out in the woods all alone and play on a flute made of a condor's drumstick until he — that is, the old man — wept at the sheer beauty of the melody. The sketch is dedicated to that well-known cornetist, Mr. Albert Einstein. *Hilaire Belloc* does not dedicate his Odd Numbers to anybody. He simply lisped them and they came. You are hereby warned not to miss them.

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 325—JUNE 13, 1925—NO. 4223



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FRANCE'S TRIANGLE OF TROUBLES

THE two main tasks facing France are to protect the solvency of the State and to settle the security question with Germany; but Morocco also looms large for the moment. Since the successes of the Left at last month's elections, M. Caillaux is addressing himself with renewed confidence to the first of these, and M. Briand to the second. M. Caillaux proposes to raise the \$200,000,000 more or less needed to balance the budget by increasing the income tax, particularly on large incomes and those derived from agriculture; to raise the price of tobacco sold by the government monopoly; and to put higher taxes on sugar and alcohol. The resulting addition to the revenue must be discounted somewhat by proposed reductions in the inheritance tax and the abolition of that mediæval institution, the municipal *octroi*. The Minister has not been equally explicit in regard to proposed economies, but it is rumored that he expects to reduce Government expenditures by \$30,000,000 or \$40,000,000 a year. He is the first Finance Minister

since the war to broach seriously the question of meeting France's foreign indebtedness, which he proposes to care for in part from the German Reparations receipts, although as yet no definite scheme for doing so has been made public.

M. Briand faces the difficult task of reconciling the French and British positions upon the evacuation of Cologne. One might imagine that each Government had made a volte-face upon this question during the last few weeks. London originally insisted upon a strict construction of the Treaty, which would make the evacuation contingent solely upon Germany's fulfillment of her disarmament obligations, and would divorce this issue from the security pact. France was apparently inclined to stress security as a condition of evacuation. Now the French press is again emphasizing Treaty stipulations on the ground that after all a security pact is not the primary condition of evacuation, as it would tend to relegate Germany's disarmament to second place, and that disarmament is all-important. *Le Temps* said on May 10: 'The problem of Cologne

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cannot depend on the solution of the pact question, strictly speaking.' And again on May 14 the same journal insisted: 'It is not possible to fix even an approximate date for evacuating Cologne, because this evacuation must depend absolutely upon Germany's observance of all the conditions of the Peace Treaty.'

The *Outlook* is not hopeful that France and Great Britain will be able to agree upon a security pact under any circumstances, and whatever hope it cherished in this direction has been dashed by the uncompromising attitude manifested by the Little Entente at the Bucharest Conference last month. Britain will never consent to go to war to maintain the present frontiers in Eastern Europe, while France can hardly permit a change in these frontiers.

France, then, must choose between the sea power of Britain and the land power of Central Europe, and is, of course, free to avail herself of that arm which she thinks will benefit her most. No British statesman and no British journalist would presume to guide her choice. But one word of caution may be uttered. Before 1914 she combined an Entente with Britain with an alliance with Russia. That combination cannot be repeated because there is no German fleet a-building nowadays. She can have her pact in the West or her pact in the East; but not both.

Sisley Huddleston says in the *New Statesman* that France cannot surrender her present system of alliances for any kind of general pact without discussion, and then only subject to the following conditions:—

(1) The unconditional entry of Germany into the League of Nations before the pact comes into force. Those who derive amusement from the inconsistencies of diplomacy will appreciate the irony which is to be found in France's insistence on Germany's admission into the League from which she

was anxious not long ago to exclude her former enemy.

(2) The strict observance of all the Articles of the Versailles Treaty, particularly in respect of Germany's disarmament and the demilitarization of Rhineland.

(3) The consolidation of the territorial status quo for the German frontiers in the East as in the West.

(4) The inclusion of England as a party to such a pact, with all that such inclusion implies in the shape of direct action against the one country which France fears may denounce any of its clauses.

The Little Entente is alarmed not only by Germany's reservations in her proposal for a security pact, which imply an eventual readjustment of her Eastern frontiers at the expense particularly of Poland, but also by the rumor that she may use this reservation to trade upon in securing a union with Austria. It is the latter possibility that has alarmed Czechoslovakia, which is not directly threatened by Germany's other frontier-claims. As a correspondent in the *Nation and the Athenæum* says:—

Such a union would be the first and least contestable change which Germany could claim on her Eastern frontier, for it is indeed hard to see by what principle of nationality, self-determination, or international comity German-Austria is refused the right to decide her own fate by a free plebiscite, and, if she so desires, to put an end to the miserable, unnatural existence she has been forced to lead for these last six and a half years. This, however, the Czechs are determined to prevent. 'The deadly blows to us,' said Dr. Benes once, 'have always come from the South; but Vienna can never deliver them unless she has the strength of Germany behind her.'

No better illustration can be afforded of the sensitive and suspicious mood of certain French circles while this question of future security is at stake than the observation of 'M. Auguste Gauvain, editor of the *Conservative*

Journal des Débats, apropos of the fighting in Morocco. After asserting, as we have already mentioned, that Germany presumably welcomes the Abd-el-Krim campaign, he adds:—

Nor should we overlook the fact that even some friendly Powers might not be displeased to see us involved in embarrassments in Morocco that will force us to make the concessions they have repeatedly sought.

L'Éclair expresses the same opinion:—

England, Italy, and Spain are all ready to consider any move we make a provocation. On the other hand, all the professional agitators of the East, from Mustapha Kemal to the agents of Moscow, are inciting the Rifians to war, hoping that some disaster to our troops will start a general revolt that will serve their purposes.

Abd-el-Krim's attack upon French Morocco was not an act of uninvited aggression. Last year the French occupied a strip of land at the foot of the mountainous Rif country, which in the opinion of its native occupants has always belonged to the mountaineers. Some of the Moorish leader's best warriors and most loyal supporters depend on this pasture land for their supplies. They at once appealed to their leader to help them drive out the invaders, and the ejection of the latter was the primary purpose of his campaign. The larger object of capturing Fez, which is only thirty or forty miles farther south, and recovering all Morocco for its original owners was presumably proclaimed in order to encourage revolt among the recently subdued tribes behind the French lines.

✱

THE PRO AND CON OF THE SPANISH SITUATION

ADMIRAL DE MAGAZ, Acting President of the Spanish Directory during Primo

de Rivera's absence in Morocco, recently gave an interview to the not unsympathetic Paris Clerical journal, *L'Écho de Paris*, defending the present régime in Spain. He insisted that the public opinion of the country was behind the Directory, because that body had given the nation 'immediate social peace and public order.' He asked, 'Do you think that a revolutionary government like ours could exist in a modern country, even after seizing power by a surprise, if the masses did not endorse it?' and denied that he and his associates had declared war on democracy. Instead, they were working for democracy and were fighting only corruption and scandal. 'The Government we overthrew was rotten and incompetent. We do not want to take its place permanently. We are a stop-gap.'

Referring to the new constitution that the Directory promises the country, the Admiral said that it would be based on universal suffrage, including votes for women, and would probably provide for a referendum upon the Swiss model in case of all important legislation. Two big jobs remain to be done, however, before the new system can go into effect. The first is to take a general census to replace the falsified electoral lists long in use, and the second is to complete the organization of the Patriotic Union, which is supposed to be the Directory Party.

Light is thrown upon conditions that explain — and perhaps justify — the Directory by the following figures printed by *La Epoca*, the leading Conservative daily of Madrid. They date from 1912, to be sure, but probably apply as well to-day as they did then.

So there are in this country 393 bull rings. During 1911 7,000,000 spectators attended the bullfights on the national holiday alone, and in the course of twelve months they spent 200,000,000 pesetas (about \$40,000,-

000 at the rate of exchange then current) upon this spectacle. During that year 5600 bulls and 6281 horses were killed; 166 toreadors were wounded, of whom ten died from their injuries. . . . Meanwhile there are in Spain 12,065,000 people who can neither read nor write. Of our 45,000 villages, in round numbers, 30,000 have no schools. In Madrid, the capital of the country, there are 22,246 children who cannot attend school for lack of accommodations.

Undoubtedly there is another side to the story from that presented by Admiral de Magaz. Only occasionally does news of the sullen struggle constantly going on under the surface reach the outside public through the censorship. Not long ago the students of the University of Barcelona raided the office of the Rector, naturally an appointee of the Directory, and burned the portraits of Alfonso XIII and Primo de Rivera. This led to an encounter with the police, in which several students received gunshot wounds.



GERMANY'S RAILWAY CRISIS

GERMANY'S railway situation is causing some alarm both at home and abroad. In discussing a recent increase of ten per cent in passenger rates, the Berlin correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung* says that the burden of the heavy expenses incurred to repair losses and depreciation during the war and the Ruhr Occupation has been carried successfully, and the embarrassments attending the abrupt severance of the relations of the railways with the Government in November 1923 have been surmounted. Since then a radical reduction has been taking place in the railway staff, which has been brought down from over 1,000,000 to 765,000 employees. Wages and salaries, however, are considerably higher relatively to the cost of living than they were before the war

in case of all employees of lower and medium rank, but they are less than before the war for superintendents and higher officials.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Statist* is far from optimistic in regard to the ability of the roads to pay the sums called for under the Dawes Agreement, and adds: 'It is no use blinking the hard fact that on that account the entire Dawes Plan structure will be jeopardized.' During the period of Socialist control the Government added to the railway personnel 'some 200,000 work-shy politicians, great and little. . . . Thousands of useless managers were nominated whose energies were visible only on payday.' Berlin *Boersen Zeitung*, indeed, asserts that the roads are at present virtually bankrupt: —

The scandal of the State railroads is far greater than has been made known in the public press. It is, to put it mildly, incomplete, when the management of the railroads states that its coffers are empty. *The truth is, that there already exists a heavy deficit which figures into the hundreds of millions.* The reports sent out periodically from the railroads are in grotesque contrast to the state of confusion existing. If it be that in the first five months of the so-called moratorium years the total receipts have been 1678 millions and the expenditure (including the 100 million marks paid to the Dawes Commission) 1675 millions, there is a meagre surplus of 3 million marks. But, as we know, the 100,000,000 marks paid on March 1 was brought together only with the greatest difficulty imaginable. In the year of 1926 the railroads will be called upon to pay 845 millions, and from 1927 onward they will have to pay 2240 million marks per annum for Reparations and interest. That surely makes the problem of paying so complicated that its fulfillment becomes impossible. At the last meeting of the management there were grave differences, in consequence of which the Director-General, Oser, was invited to take a holiday of a couple of months.

He was one of the political appointees, paid 100,000 marks yearly for presiding. The State railroads have to find 80,000,000 marks by next December, and have in addition to produce another 100,000,000 marks under the Dawes Agreement. With a staff of 740,000 there exists a pension list of 323,000 persons.

*

BELGIUM'S POLITICAL IMPASSE

BELGIUM, which has just emerged from a general election, faces a new one in the immediate future. The situation is of more than local significance as illustrating the perils to popular government involved in proportional representation and in the existence of political blocs. The three chief Parties are the Socialists, who are growing stronger, the Conservative Clericals, who are nearly but not quite holding their ground, and the Liberals, who in Belgium, as elsewhere abroad, are sinking to a hopeless but belligerent minority after a long career of political supremacy. No one of these Parties commands a parliamentary majority, and none of them will coöperate with either of the others. Consequently it is impossible to form a ministry that will receive the support of Parliament. After more than a month of negotiation the Clericals made the effort, only to be defeated the moment they faced the Lower House. Yet under proportional representation it is more than probable that the Parties will be returned after the next election with about the same strength that they have at present. The press of all Western Europe has watched the situation with interest, and opponents of democracy point gleefully to the headless government in Brussels as an example of the failure of parliamentary institutions. As *Le Temps* says:—

The situation in which Belgium finds itself is without precedent in the history of constitutional and parliamentary gov-

ernment. It is absolutely impossible to form a cabinet that will receive the support of a majority in the House, and it is equally certain that a new election will leave things in precisely the situation they are in at present.

*

CHINA'S TUTELAGE

FRANCE has been an exacting creditor of China in the matter of the Boxer indemnity. She has insisted that her share of this indemnity be paid in gold francs—a claim that China has resisted. In order to bring pressure on the Peking Government France has refused to ratify the Washington Conference Treaty permitting China to increase her customs duties. Now an arrangement has been reached by which the sum of money in dispute is to be loaned by the Chinese Government to the bankrupt French Banque Industrielle de Chine, whose failure a few years ago caused one or two important changes in the Paris Foreign Office. The settlement of this controversy is greeted with mixed feelings in Japan, whose trade is likely to suffer somewhat from the proposed increase of the Chinese tariff from $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The *Japan Chronicle* comments on the settlement as follows:—

There is something wrong when a single nation can withhold from China a right to which all the rest agree that she is entitled. That is what France has done in reference to the proposal to permit China to raise her customs rate to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and possibly at a later date to $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The French Minister at Peking has described as 'inaccurate' the report that the Chinese Government was forced to agree to the French terms regarding the Boxer indemnity payments in order to get France's consent to the rise in the customs increase, but the statement issued by the Chinese Government and summarized in a telegram to-day is practically a confession that that view of the negotiations was substantially

accurate. All the other nations concerned had long before agreed to the calling of the special customs conference in accordance with the Washington Agreement for the purpose of permitting the rise in rates. But France stood out, insisting on a quid pro quo in the form of consent on the part of China to the payment of the French share of the Boxer indemnity in gold, not paper-franc values. It is not easy to fathom the meaning of all the details of the new agreement, but it is clear that the chief beneficiary is the Banque Industrielle de Chine, which is to get a loan from the indemnity fund at 5 per cent. Such a low rate of interest in China at present amounts to a subsidy. The Peking Government appears to have yielded to the French demands simply because it wanted the additional revenue from the customs.

Osaka Asahi says that 'France is to be admired for her wise decision' in withdrawing her claim to have the in-

demnity paid in gold francs. Some Chinese papers suspect that their Government has derived no real benefit from the concessions *per se*—an opinion that may be due to the fact that the terms of the agreement are too complicated for the average lay editor to understand.

*

MINOR NOTES

APROPPOS of the British budget, the progress of industrial and old-age insurance in Great Britain within a decade is suggested by the fact that employers already bear a charge of £36,000,000 a year for unemployment insurance, and £26,000,000 a year for health insurance, to which additions of between £14,000,000 and £20,000,000 will be made under the contributory provisions proposed by Mr. Churchill.

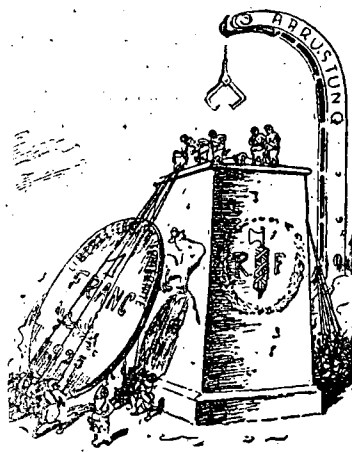


A GERMAN INSULT

POINCARÉ. Parbleu! This is too much!

MARIANNE. What's the matter?

POINCARÉ. A letter of thanks from Hindenburg!—*Sera*, Milan



THE UNUSED CRANE

'Eyes have they, but they see not.' (The crane that could raise the franc is Disarmament.)

—*Kladderadatsch*, Berlin

THE DIFFICULTIES OF DEMOCRACY¹

BY COUNT ALBERT APPONYI

EVERY thinking man has doubtless asked himself these questions: Why are we all talking about a crisis of democracy to-day? Why has democracy ceased to exist in many places, and why is its survival so precarious in others? Every friend of democracy should unflinchingly face these questions, for there must be forces hostile to democracy at work that explain these tendencies. If the trouble is not due to some fatal defect in democracy itself, — which I personally refuse to admit, — it must lie in the conditions of our time, and we must remedy those conditions if we would save democracy.

First of all, we must be perfectly clear in our minds what democracy is. Some of its achievements are already so well established as to be virtually beyond attack in any civilized country. For example, the equality of all citizens before the law and the legal right of every individual to an equal opportunity to rise in any career he may choose to follow are never contested in principle, although the principle may be violated in practice in countries where democracy is more of a pretense than a reality. In this primitive sense of the word, which makes democracy mean simply equality and the abolition of artificial privileges, it may exist under an absolute government. Julius Cæsar championed a democratic autocracy against an aristocratic republic. Napoleon tried to do the same. Equalitarian autocracy may be a transitional step to true democracy.

¹From *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), February 15

But when we speak of the difficulties of democracy to-day we do not refer to the principle of equality, but to government by the people and for the people. This is the aspect of the democratic ideal that is struggling for survival against hostile influences that vary in different countries and that are often sadly misunderstood. The source of this misunderstanding is generally our tendency to identify our own will with the people's will, and to stigmatize as undemocratic what we ourselves disapprove without stopping to investigate whether it may not, after all, be what the masses of the people want. . . .

Democracy does not mean the direct rule of the masses, for that has never existed, but a form of government in which every citizen can have his say on all fundamental questions, and in which the will of the majority eventually — even if slowly and hesitatingly — prevails. The people must have protection, counterweights, securities, against their own tyranny quite as much as, if not more than, against the tyranny of others. All unlimited power is a danger for the community, because not even public opinion can be trusted with unbounded sway. The American Constitution is a marvelous example of the devices by which a democracy has set up balances and counterbalances against its own aberrations. The independence of the President in appointing his Cabinet, which is not responsible to Congress; the limited coöperation of the Senate in certain executive acts; the different constitution of the two Houses of Con-

gress; the distinction between organic law and ordinary statutes; the difficulty of amending the Constitution; the independent authority of the courts to decide whether a law does or does not violate the Constitution, and their power to declare legislative Acts invalid — these form, as I say, a marvelous system of weights and counterweights by which processes of government, while constantly responding to the public will, are kept under control.

Democracy assumes an entirely different form in republican France, where it sprang from a revolution instead of from the ancient traditions of a people. There it meant a conscious break with the past. . . . To-day France, with her democratic-republican institutions, has perhaps the most securely established system of government of any Great Power on the Continent. The political machinery that she has built up since the Revolution possesses undisputed authority, and unconditionally controls — this is the decisive thing — her armed forces. But it took no less than seven political overturns to give the country its present stability, and about a century to achieve it. France owes the fact that she could thus transform her political constitution without imperiling her existence, and even without permanently diminishing her prestige in Europe, primarily to the marvelous administrative organization that Napoleon's genius bequeathed her — an organization that suits the national character, that is in many ways rooted in the traditions of the old régime, and that has withstood all changes in her rulers. She also has to thank for this the intense patriotism of her people, which has prevented the members of any political party, after the first emigration, from taking advantage of her foreign embarrassments for personal political ends.

Nevertheless, it would be presump-

tuous to the verge of folly for a nation like our own, whose political discipline and respect for authority are already undermined, to resort to revolution to attain a form of government that it can eventually acquire with safety and certainty by a process of gradual evolution. Hungary, possessing as she does vigorous national traditions that can be adapted to the needs of progress, would take a suicidal step in attempting to hasten these evolutionary processes by a revolution. Political children may toy with that idea; sensible men will reject it.

The difficulties and perils that now threaten democracy do not exist in France, England, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries. They manifest themselves strongly, however, in Spain, Italy, Germany, Hungary, and our neighboring States. When we analyze these difficulties and perils we come, in my opinion, to the following results: —

1. In all countries where democracy has not evolved out of the customs of the people, but has been decreed by a Government or a Party, it is hampered by the weaknesses of every political improvisation. The masses are not competent for the tasks democracy lays upon them without generations of previous schooling. Neither are they willing to submit to the necessary restraints inherent in democracy, because the institutions that incorporate these restraints lack the authority that only sentiment springing from a long tradition gives them.

2. In several countries democracy encounters internal divisions among the people that prevent national unity and coöperation. But such unity is an indispensable prerequisite for democracy. There must be a united people before the will of the people can be law. This unity exists in every country where democracy is already a success.

The French, British, Belgians, and so on, habitually think of their nations as a unit. In those countries the Social Democrats are just as patriotic as any other Party. They may preach internationalism as a theory, but when it comes to the point their own country is their first concern. For that reason political controversies do not threaten the essential unity of the nation, which stands above them. There is a supreme will of the people that rules.

But where a united people does not exist, there can be no such popular will. Either the community falls asunder, or one element proves itself powerful enough to dominate the others. Not the popular will but the will of a faction rules, and does so, not as a constitutionally established authority, but by force.

I think I am doing our neighboring States no injustice when I place them in this latter category. Real democracy — the participation of the whole people in the government — can hardly exist where a fraction of the people is compelled by force to be part of the State and regards the country to which it belongs at best with a feeling of resignation, and with no loyalty or affection. Naturally those in control of the government in such countries resort to every device in their power to weaken and exterminate politically this dissident fraction of the population. To talk of democracy under such circumstances is a pure misuse of language. What are the Czechoslovak Republic, Yugoslavia, and Greater Rumania except Czech, Serb, and Rumanian imperialisms?

But there are other countries where democracy is rendered impossible by conflicts between different social classes so bitter and irreconcilable that they prevent common action, because neither class will tolerate without a resort to force a government by the

other class even when founded on a constitutional majority. This is the situation in Italy under the Fascisti, who do represent, of course, a popular movement, but who are not willing to submit their control of the government to the test of a popular vote. When you reproach the Fascisti for this, they say they have no choice, because the Italian Socialists are so saturated with Communism that they will use violence to gain power. Fascisti terrorism, they tell you, is an indispensable measure of defense adopted by bourgeois society to combat Bolshevik terrorism and a dictatorship of the proletariat, and all the economic and civic demoralization that they would bring. In truth the success of the Fascisti in organizing bourgeois society, or at least a part of it, to successfully defend itself against a Red Terror is of great importance. But many responsible and authoritative public men in Italy deny the existence of an emergency that justifies this choice between two kinds of terrorism. The present situation in Spain is due to similar causes, although, following the unfortunate precedents of the last century, arbitrary government in that country has taken the form of a military dictatorship.

Without going into further detail, let me point out the logical conclusion from what I have just said of this second class of difficulties which democracy is encountering. They all spring from irreconcilable discord between sections of the population, whether the dividing line be between nationalities or social classes. These obstacles will continue as long as those divisions exist. The divisions will exist as long as any single element of the people designs, or is suspected of designing, to seize the government by force.

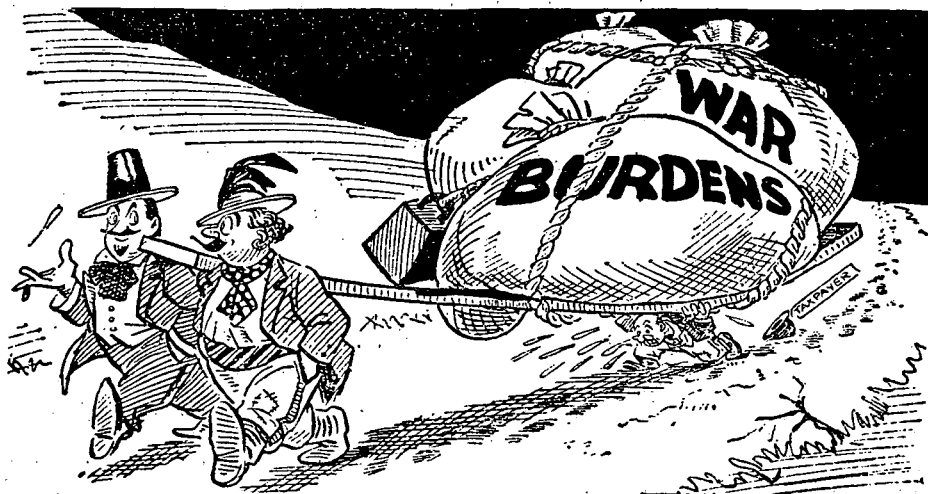
3. I come now to democracy's third difficulty. It is peculiar to the conquered countries, and is perhaps the

principal obstacle to successful democracy in their particular case. It lies in the fact that these new democratic governments must shoulder the crushing burden, and the equally crushing odium, of fulfilling a Peace Treaty against whose conditions the people rebel. An unpopular democratic government is a self-contradiction, and yet any government, no matter what its character, that undertakes such a task must be unpopular. It may be a bitter necessity to fulfill the Treaty: it may be folly to resist it. Advocates of fulfillment may be perfectly right, and the sincerest patriotic motives may move them to do what they believe to be their duty. None the less, they can never shake off the opprobrium which the instinctive aversion of the emotional masses will heap upon them. Any vigorous nation is incapable of an abnormal — or, I would rather put it, supernormal — degree of cool, calculating thought. In any case, outraged national pride and sense of justice make it

very easy for enemies of popular governments to discredit all democratic institutions in the eyes of the common people.

Therefore democracy is at the present moment endangered in many countries. Its survival depends upon removing the obstacles here described. Their removal is vitally important for the future of all mankind, for the evolution of every country, because the only natural line of political evolution lies in the direction of democracy. Those who believe — either with sorrow or with gratification — that democracy will perish, and that we shall return to the reactionary governments of old, are blind to the lessons of history. Under the sway of certain emotions the minds of men may turn back longingly for a moment to the institutions of the past, forgetful of the irresistible laws of progress. But that is a dangerous indulgence, for which sooner or later — and probably sooner rather than later — they must pay a bitter penalty.

EUROPE'S OVERWORKED POLITICIANS



Putting Their Shoulders to It. — *Daily Express*, London

A WORD ABOUT FRANCE¹

BY PAUL SEIPPEL

FRANCE, mobile as she seems on the surface, shows remarkable consistency to one who studies her closely. Throughout the centuries she has remained essentially the same. I have just returned from a trip through that land of memories from the Midi to Paris and from Paris to La Touraine. Calm your fears — I do not intend to describe my journey. What is there new to write about in a land which everybody knows, and which is daily becoming more and more the cross-roads of two hemispheres? All I shall do is to jot down one or two general impressions.

In the first place, why do all these strangers, who discommode real Frenchmen not a little by unceremoniously taking possession of their country, come here? For a mild climate, an agreeable life, and amusement, no doubt. But also for something else. On his return from America Guglielmo Ferrero pointed out, in a book of remarkable perspicacity, the distinctive difference between the United States and France: in the former there has been a remarkable development of quantitative civilization; in the latter there has been an exquisite refinement of qualitative civilization. Now, after having acquired quantity, we like to use it to procure quality. That is why every luxurious transatlantic steamer is packed with fat-pursed Yankee tourists.

Quality in all things — cooking, manners, politeness, feminine elegance,

¹From *Journal de Genève* (Swiss Liberal-Democratic daily), April 26

polished language, measure and delicacy of taste. We are told that all this is being ruined by the cosmopolitan invasion. That may be true of Paris, where that invasion centres. This spring that city resembled an Anglo-Saxon colony. Everybody spoke English, especially the Germans, who go to all lengths — though in vain — to appear like the noble Islanders. In the hotel where I stopped I was forced to insist that the servants speak to me in French. All the public notices were in English, with a French translation at the bottom. Even the little ladies at the Casino de Paris and the Folies Bergères are studying English, paying instructors to teach them out of their modest purses.

But if you draw a circle with a radius of two kilometres around the Opera House, you will find old Paris just outside the circumference — the same familiar agglomeration of suburbs, each a city in itself. Unquestionably the boulevards are hideous. American advertisements deform them most impudently. At every other step one strikes you in the eye like a pugilist's fist and makes you see a whole constellation of stars.

But cross the river and go only as far as La Rue Jacob, or saunter slowly in Le Marais, and you will find that nothing has changed for half a century. You will see the same restaurants run by the same proprietors or their sons, the identical carefully selected menus, the identical excellent wines, *Côtes du Rhône* or *de l'Anjou*. You can often read over the doorway of some

old eighteenth-century building, 'Firm Established in 1790.' You catch a glimpse of sleepy bourgeois existence flowing indolently but persistently on behind the half-closed shutters. What repose, what security! Old bourgeois France, you are not dead! Standing squarely on your feet, you face solidly a world where all else is feverish change.

This persistence of old ways and ideas is still more striking in the South. There it is not only old-time France that survives, it is ancient Latium. Yonder Roman cathedral, with its stones burned tawny by the sun, preserves traces of the Roman temple whose site it occupies. The handiwork of Rome is everywhere visible. Any man who has contemplated at sunset the Pont du Gard, striding with its great arches the blue river flowing through a valley of gold, has seen the majesty of Rome incarnate, and has surely said to himself, 'After all, what have our modern engineers invented?'

Villeneuve-les-Avignon, with its Cyclopean towers, and the noble city of Tarascon, so unfortunately ridiculed by Alphonse Daudet on account of its name, and the Fortress Antibes, — Celtic, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, or Saracen before becoming French, — defying from its high rock the perpetual assault of the waves — here ancient Greece reveals herself again. A man who beholds the noble profile of *les monts de l'Esterel* beholds Prometheus bound, hears him reply to the choir of the Oceanides, 'Oh, infinite smile of the waves and the sea, divine æther,'

and sees all antiquity resume the flush of life.

In La Touraine we find true France again, the France of the Valois, of Henry IV, of Francis I. He who has not seen Blois, Amboise, or Chenonceaux cannot know the perfection of French taste. There likewise the country remains true to itself. The dry caves in the cliffs that border the Loire still shelter, as they have ever since the time of St. Martin, vineyardists and their noble vintages. And following the river's meandering banks past its numerous islands, the same emotion stirs us that inspired Joachim du Bellay to write on his return from Rome: —

*Plus que le marbre dur me plaît l'ardoise fine,
Plus mon Loyre gaulois que le Tybre latin,
Plus mon petit Lyré que le mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la douceur angevine.*

After filling my heart with this *douceur angevine*, my mind dwells on the journeys that I have made during the past four years through stern-featured Germany, that land of laborious toil and big appetites. And shall I tell you how I feel? My heart bleeds to see this beloved France so secure in her deceptive illusion of victory — this France where life is so sweet that one easily turns away from care in order the better to enjoy its sweetness. In my conversation with people of every class I have discovered in them a certain lassitude, a dangerous fatalism. . . .

And this is not an hour to rest on one's oars!

THE SCHOOL OF WISDOM AT DARMSTADT¹

BY ALESSANDRO DE BOSDARI

[Two interesting New Thought movements have developed in Germany since the war. That of the Anthroposophists, with its bizarreries and Goethe cult, has just lost by death its leader, Rudolph Steiner. The second, which is described here, comes more definitely within the compass of the schools. Its leader, Count Hermann Keyserling, is author of *Das Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen*, an English translation of which is to appear this spring, and extracts from which have been previously printed in our columns. Count Keyserling is a Baltic German who lost his property through the Bolshevik Revolution and the subsequent unsettlement in his native land, Esthonia. He is perhaps the most original and widely read philosophical writer in Europe to-day.]

I WAS struck first of all by the great disparity between the physical equipment of the School of Wisdom and that institution's ambitious purpose, which is to reform mankind. But the things of the spirit are never disclosed to many, and all the world's great revelations are contained in a few words spoken by a single man or a few individuals who have possessed the gift of expressing truth convincingly. When life loses its meaning it loses likewise its will to survive. We must become conscious of this meaning if we are to fulfill our destiny in the universe. A comprehension of this inner life is the principal element of what Keyserling

calls 'creative consciousness.' Only those who are conscious of this inner life and its function can give to their external life a new meaning, which is the chief need of the present day. The principal object that the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt has set before itself is precisely to give this new significance to life.

It is not proposed to create a new faith, but to arrive at a deeper comprehension of old faiths; not to teach a special doctrine, but to attain a state of understanding that transcends the limits of any single doctrine.

Consequently the School of Wisdom cannot have a hard and fast curriculum or organization. Its programme is fundamentally ethical, to make each individual vividly conscious of his own personal destiny and personal responsibility, to give him faith in his own vision, to inculcate the habit of living on a lofty moral and rational plane.

It is not possible to prescribe methods for such a school. The following are provisional and more or less tentative: (1) Personal conversation. A private talk with the right person in the right spirit and at the right moment has often done more for the vital evolution of a person than years of assiduous study. (2) Courses of training in which the development of the student's faculties are correlated with the acquisition of the special knowledge that he needs in order to lead a complete life. (3) Meetings of the 'Free Philosophy Society,' the principal sessions of which are held at Darmstadt every September. At such meetings a speaker is not

¹ From *Nuova Antologia* (Rome Liberal literary semimonthly), April 16

expected to deal with any theme outside his personal specialty. Among the most memorable of these meetings was that of 1921, in which Rabindranath Tagore took part, and where the relation between appearance and reality was the central theme. (4) Attentive reading of the annual called *The Torch* and of a biennial publication entitled *The Path of Perfection*. It is thus that those who are not able to attend the meetings keep informed of their discussions.

Membership in the society does not impose any obligations. No member is compelled to adopt a particular belief or point of view, because Darmstadt does not deal with such externals, but only with internal discipline. Each retains his own religious faith, personal philosophy, and liberty of judgment. Literal beliefs and proselytism are contrary to the spirit of the School. Membership involves merely entering upon a definite quest for knowledge. Absolute independence, the personal responsibility of each individual, are the fundamental assumptions of the School of Wisdom.

This much I knew when I undertook the arduous mental labor of listening through the nine addresses that constituted the programme of last September's session. They were devoted to the theme of 'Becoming and Ceasing.' Count Keyserling himself delivered the introductory lecture, in which he emphasized and developed the concepts that underlie the School of Wisdom. He told us that in following the coming lectures and discussions we should not assume a critical attitude, but merely open our minds receptively to the impressions they produced. We should listen to what was said, as we might listen to a concert. Music itself has a cosmic quality for man. The Pythagoreans believed that there was an interdependence between music and

the movements of the stars. Angels sing in the Christian Heaven. Buddhism speaks of a music of the spheres. Music uses a profounder medium of expression than any other art employs. Schopenhauer speaks of it as different from all the other arts, standing in a relation to them analogous to that of the human will to the brain's mental concepts and images. It functions in a different dimension, and has the power to express the inexpressible. Life and music stand alone in their relation to becoming and ceasing; one tone must die before another can be born. It is the same with life. All life is a growing and enlarging, a producing without cessation. It has no repetitions, no recurrings of identical events. No proverb is more untrue than 'There is nothing new under the sun.' Music and life imply the flow of time. Heraclitus said that we could not cross the same river twice. When we survey life from the higher point of view, becoming and ceasing are absolutely the same thing — whatever exists must die in order that it may live again.

If the becoming and the ceasing of individual men have a fixed relation with the universe, how is a living being distinguished from what does not have life? Precisely in the same way that music is distinguished from noise. Both music and life obey laws of polarity, of harmony and rhythm. Each has its historical counterpoint. The Romans did not diffuse their own culture, but that of Greece; the Arabs revived the ancient poetry of the Persians. In our day we thought to fight the last war, but instead have prepared the way for new wars. In our effort to save democracy we are creating a new aristocracy. This is the same counterpoint in history that we find in harmony. Each becoming and ceasing in itself is an initial phenomenon — not the ultimate end, but the medium through which the

spirit expresses itself. The ultimate end is the melody, and not any single note through which the melody is expressed.

Professor Dreischl, a biologist well known in Italy, where he taught for several years at the University of Naples, followed Count Keyserling. He is a man of Socratic aspect, with an ability to discuss the most abstract topics in a lucid and convincing manner. Continuing Keyserling's metaphor that throughout the mutations of nature we witness processes that might be compared to noise and other processes that might be compared to music, he illustrated this theme at length from the latest researches and discoveries in embryology. He said in conclusion that in facing the question whether a directing mind rules the universe, in which it became more apparent the deeper we delve into its secrets that there is a melody composed of an infinity of notes and not merely a noise, the exacting scientist stops when he has said all that he knows, and is silent regarding that which he suspects but does not know.

The following day another distinguished German scientist, Dr. Hattinberg, spoke on the subject 'Between Life and Death.' The lecturer is well known in Germany and abroad as a pioneer in psychic analysis. His lecture was disappointing for many, who had expected from a positive scientist, who is also a practising physician, an address like the one preceding — that is, a clear and methodical exposition based upon experimental observations of the nature of the transition from life to death. Instead of this, however, the speaker wandered into ideological divagations, the meaning and bearing of which were not always clear.

On the third day Count Keyserling again spoke upon the theme 'History as Tragedy.' He said that all human history was tragic — that there was not a

civilization or a nation that had not eventually been destroyed. In the long run folly has always conquered wisdom, and baser appetites have overcome nobler aspirations. The Greeks were right when they said that the gods were intent upon destroying whatever was exceptionally good and great in the world. The men who have labored for the welfare of humanity have been crucified and made martyrs. The World War was the greatest, as it was the most recent, of these human catastrophes, and has hastened the biological decline of the human race. It is because the true story of history is so tragic that men have ever busied themselves with falsifying its records in order to give them a pleasanter aspect. They have falsified the past as they falsify the present.

No character in history saw this so clearly as Buddha. The negation of reality that he taught is literally true. Man wishes not only to live, but also to die, and the longing for annihilation is visible all around us. What Hegel said, that everything that nature does has a deep meaning, is not true. On the contrary, it is quite probable that nature has filled the world with peoples who have no just title to existence and must inevitably disappear.

Goethe's saying that every mistake and fault has its penalty is eternally true, and therefore the history of erring mankind is eternally tragic. This tragedy springs from the struggle between freedom and necessity. The ancients believed that no progress was possible without wrongdoing: new gods had destroyed old gods, the son had destroyed the father, and all that was destroyed had become evil, although divine in origin. Every human life is absolutely tragic, and is the more tragic the loftier it is. Abolish tragedy and we should abolish history.

When I reflected upon this address

and compared its conclusions with Nitti's *Tragedy of Europe*, I thought to myself that if all history is tragedy then it is wrong to conceive any single period in history as necessarily more tragic than that which preceded it, and consequently that no nation—far less humanity as a whole—ought to despair of its future.

On the afternoon of the third day we listened to a rather remarkable individual, a genuine Buddhist, not coming from India or China, but of pure German stock. This was Professor Dalhke, a little fragile man whose whole aspect suggested something queer and exotic. All sorts of odd stories are told about him. He is said to live on half a tomato a day, and it seems to be a fact that he has preached Buddhism with some success in Brandenburg, where he has founded several convents that practise Buddha's discipline in its purest form. He spoke for more than three hours in a strident, monotonous voice. Only a few listened to the end, and when he finally finished and noticed that his audience had grown so thin, he said proudly that he ought to have talked until only three or four remained—the only ones capable of understanding him. I was able to salvage only a few ideas from his immense deluge of words. When, at the end of his discourse, someone asked him if there was not some ultimate goal toward which we might all equally strive, he shook his head and answered: 'We have nothing in common, because you affirm and I deny.'

After the Buddhist had spoken, we listened to a rabbi, Dr. Baeck, a well-balanced man of fluent and ornate eloquence and sacerdotal mien, perfectly satisfied with his own life and his own convictions. He spoke upon 'Death and Resurrection' along conventional Biblical and Talmudical lines, so that his address was more like

a sermon than a scientific discourse.

The last speaker was Professor Arseniev, a Russian émigré of noble family, who now occupies Kant's chair at Königsberg. He spoke upon the Resurrection, a favorite dogma in his Orthodox religion, in a poetical and sentimental way that reminded me of Chateaubriand's *Genius of Christianity*. On the morning of the day when we broke up Count Keyserling spoke for the third time by way of concluding the conference. He tried to gather up the scattered threads of what had been said under the formula 'Becoming and Ceasing.' His own view was summarized in the following sentence: 'If you ask me what position I personally take toward this ultimate question, the only reply I can give you is: "I do not know how to prove it, but I believe firmly in immortality."'

When I left Darmstadt, filled with pleasant memories of the interesting time I had enjoyed there, I asked myself: 'What does it all amount to? Is this science? Is it religion? Is it both? Or is it neither?' I have heard many doubts as to the methods of the School of Wisdom expressed in Germany by some of the most esteemed representatives of German science and philosophy. I have heard men deplore the existence of the School as reflecting upon the standing of German learning. Several have characterized it as dilettantism and intellectual snobbism. I shall not presume to express an opinion on this point. It would take more data than I have gathered to enable me to express anything like a matured opinion. In a provisional and tentative way I can say that I did not get many new and interesting ideas from the Darmstadt lectures.

Nevertheless, so far as the fundamental purpose of the School is concerned, of awakening in its members a craving for a higher and more

satisfactory spiritual, intellectual, and moral life, I believe that these few days of close association and intercourse with men who do live such a life are by no means wasted. I felt my own spirit reinvigorated, and was conscious of a revived interest in the things that are, after all, of most permanent value in

human existence. Upon the whole it was well worth the while to spend a week in a delightful city among interesting, stimulating people, and to listen to able and solid discourses, even if I did not in every instance entirely understand what was said or agree with the speaker's conclusions.

THE RICE RIOTS¹

WHEN THE POPULACE IN JAPAN BEGINS TO MOVE

BY KAGAWA TOYOHICO

[THE following account of the rice riots in Kobe in 1918 is translated from Mr. Kagawa's latest book, *Kabe no Koe kiku toki*, a continuation of *Across the Death-line*. Its author is a Christian reformer, a graduate of Princeton University, a man of remarkable spirituality, and probably the best-known social worker in Japan.]

RICE had gone up to fifty sen five rin that morning, and the women from the tenement houses, gathered round the water-cock in the street, were abusing the rice-dealers. It was the first of August.

Katsunosuke Yamanouchi was not inclined to go out selling syrup that morning. Instead he wandered round the city. All was still quiet in Shin-kawa, but Ujigawa was in an ugly mood. The Young Men's Society was making itself very busy, but as all had gone to work the district was yet quiet.

In the afternoon a newspaper an-

nounced that rice riots had broken out at Kyoto. The stock-market had been closed in the afternoon in Kobe, and there appeared to have been some disorder in Motomachi. A large crowd collected in Shinkaichi and the Minatogawa Park in the evening, evidently in the expectation of something happening. Of course Katsunosuke was there. The picture-shows were as full as usual, and there seemed to be an expectation that something would be said about the high price of rice.

Conditions in the park were a little different. Groups of people were gathered here and there talking to each other. In one group a man was making a loud attack on the Hanaki Company; in another group an old man was denouncing the local rice-dealers for their outrageous prices.

'Last night the price was fifty-two sen five rin, but this morning that had been all blacked out and it was marked fifty-nine sen. What do you think of that?'

A voice from the crowd cried out an imprecation, but nobody had the cour-

¹ From the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* (Kobe Anglo-Japanese weekly), March 26

age to make a speech on the matter. Katsunosuke, however, had made up his mind. He went about from group to group gathering opinions, but he could find none with which he could entirely agree.

He was only dressed in a printed-cotton kimono, with short sleeves, and a cheap plaited-straw hat on his head, but the thought passed through his mind that he would raise his voice and gather a crowd together. But the courage to do this failed him. He determined many times that he would mount on one of the high-jumps in the park and command the people to gather round him; but then he thought he might get arrested. What would become of his young wife and old mother were he thrown into prison? But then the future could look after itself. Why should he bother about what happened? God would not let the good suffer.

The stars were looking down from heaven. They had looked down on Masashige Kusunoki fighting his last fight and through all the years that had passed since then. From the heaven they twinkled, seeming to say that they knew all the history of mankind.

In the darkness the overpowering forces of nature seemed doubly strong.

Suddenly Katsunosuke made up his mind and mounted the high-jump.

The illuminations of the picture-halls in Shinkaichi reddened the sky. Millions of lights were glittering at Suwayama and on the Hill, but in the direction of Hyogo it was comparatively dark. Even where he stood seemed to him very dark.

He felt very lonely standing up there. But then, rice was fifty-nine sen five rin a *sho*, and he himself and his family would have to go hungry in the morning. A cold shudder passed over him. Being hungry he would turn thief and get sent to prison in any case.

He summoned up his resolution and shouted in a loud voice.

Although he shouted as loud as he could, his voice sounded to him shrill and discordant.

'It can't be borne any longer,' he shouted.

In truth his whole body was shaking with excitement. With a quivering voice he began his speech.

'Gentlemen,' he shouted. There were only three or four people standing some distance away when he began, but once the fuse was lit they became all attention.

'Gentlemen, what does it mean, this rise in the price of rice?'

By the time he had spoken his first sentence two or three hundred people had gathered round him.

'It means that Hanaki has cornered the market. If you agree to that, then follow me.' This was all his speech, yet it was enough to move his audience. Some clapped their hands. Others called out approving remarks.

Katsunosuke got down quietly from the high-jump. Then in a very calm way he called out to the crowd: 'Follow me. I'm going to talk to Hanaki and Company.'

The crowd followed Katsunosuke, and at the gate of the park he had close upon a thousand supporters behind him. But when he got into a tramcar the number had dwindled to twenty or thirty persons.

'That crowd ain't no use,' he thought. 'Fancy only twenty out of that thousand. That's why nothing's done. It ain't no use.'

The tramcar seemed to him too slow. He had half a mind to jump off and run. All the persons riding in the car seemed quite unconcerned. One of them stared at him hard; it made him feel quite ashamed. He turned his eyes away and looked out into the street. The people in the street also seemed

quite indifferent. They had an irritating air of not knowing anything about the rise in the price of rice and the sufferings of the people in the slums.

He got down at Motomachi and kicked open the swing door of Hanaki's head office, which had once been the premises of the Miyako Hotel. His blood was boiling.

In the office there were fourteen or fifteen clerks, engaged in writing up the account books or talking over the telephone. The messenger boy was practising penmanship.

Some thirty or forty people crowded into the office after Katsunosuke. He had given them courage.

Seeing such a large crowd of people come into the office, the clerks all stood up with one accord.

'Where's your master?' Katsunosuke bellowed at the messenger boy.

Seeing the threatening attitude of Katsunosuke, the boy went over to consult a man who was sitting in the farther corner of the office — a man of about forty, in foreign clothes, with a close-cropped head.

The boy came back quietly.

'What is your business, please?' he asked.

'My business? Bring your master here.'

Katsunosuke spoke in a loud voice, and three or four of the crowd behind him echoed his command.

'Ain't Sada here?'

'Bring out Yamakawa.'

Yamakawa was Hanaki's head manager.

'If he ain't here I suppose he's gone out to corner the rice market.'

At this last remark the clerks began to understand what the crowd was after. The close-cropped man in the corner at the back of the office came forward in an agitated manner. He was dressed in a summer suit of cream color.

'Please come into the reception

room,' he said. 'I wish to hear all you have to say, and then if you will allow me to give you an explanation I will ask you to kindly take note of what I say.'

This clerk appeared to be a man of some authority, for no sooner had he come forward than lights were lit in the reception room and chairs carried in. Katsunosuke was surprised, as he had not expected to find the clerks in Hanaki's so humble and so proper in their behavior.

About fifteen or sixteen of the crowd went into the reception room. Katsunosuke and the close-cropped man sat down facing each other. The rest remained standing behind Katsunosuke.

'Don't you ever think of the sufferings of the poor laborers?' asked Katsunosuke in his usual discordant voice.

Among those who had followed Katsunosuke into the reception room was a tall gentlemanly looking man, who twirled his moustache in a very insolent manner, while he glared at the close-cropped clerk.

'Please don't say such things, but just listen a little to what I have to tell you.'

'We know what it is without listening. You chaps have been cornering all the rice and we workers has to do without. That's it, ain't it?'

'Just listen to me. There has been no cornering of rice this year. My firm makes a speciality of importing rice.'

'Don't tell such lies, blast you.'

A man, looking like a lumper, who had been crouching down behind Katsunosuke's chair, sprang up and stamped his foot as he shouted this.

'Don't I work down at Bentenham,' he went on, 'at the warehouses there, and don't I know that we've been loading your rice on steamers for foreign ports — France, they said it was? Tell such lies again and I'll beat you to death.'

At that moment there was a clash of

swords. Eight or nine policemen, led by an inspector, filled the doorway of the reception room.

The inspector, who looked like a schoolboy, spoke in an agitated voice.

'All those present must come to the police station,' he said. 'If they have anything to say they can say it there.'

The close-cropped clerk smiled a sardonic smile. The crowd silently filed out. One of the policemen asked the inspector something in a low voice, and the inspector replied as quietly.

As Katsu went out of the reception room he glared at the clerk and shouted an insulting remark. A policeman went abruptly up to him and caught hold of his arm.

'Come along now,' he said.

The clerks in the office, still standing, stared at them as they went out.

The clock in front of the building struck nine.

Katsunosuke contrasted the cheerful atmosphere of the office, with its glittering lights, with the darkness of his own house in the slums and the gloom of the cell in the police station to which he was being dragged.

The next day the papers gave details of disturbances at Kyoto. Kobe, unexpectedly, had remained quite quiet. Katsunosuke and thirteen others had been taken to the police station and there cautioned. With this it was thought that all trouble was over.

In the afternoon, a little after four, all the rice shops in the city, by agreement, revised their prices. The new price was sixty-two sen five rin. All the women from the alleys in the slums, who had gone with their fifty-sen pieces to the rice shops, came back grumbling. Someone walking down the alley called out, 'Rice is sixty-two sen a *sho*.'

'It's a lie,' came a retort.

'It's the truth. I've just been there. You can't buy a *sho* for fifty sen.'

'They say there's been a big row at Kyoto. Is it true?'

'Ain't the rice-dealers greedy?'

Such were the remarks which ran round the slums.

By five o'clock all the rice shops in the slums were besieged by people. At the rice shop in Fukiai the crowd was so big that it extended to the tram-line in Kitahon-cho.

'Here, you grasping old sinner.'

'Make it twenty-five sen.'

'What's the use of fixing a price like that?'

Such were the remarks made by the crowd.

Among the crowd were some who wanted to take direct action against Murao, the rice-dealer, but Takeda's young brother, who was there, intervened.

'Murao ain't a bad man,' he said.

'Don't go for him.'

He shouted this out loudly two or three times, and the crowd began to disperse by itself.

But the same crowd speedily collected in front of another rice-dealer's named Takei in Minamihoncho. It was getting dusk and the electric lights were beginning to glow. The crowd this time was not so tractable, and soon began to help itself. In a minute confusion reigned. The four or five hundred people that formed the crowd were not to be restrained. A policeman stood looking on with folded arms.

Fourteen rice shops in Shinkawa were thus attacked by the crowd, one after another. Only one was left unmolested, that of Maebara in Kitahon-machi, who had a guard sent by Mizuta, the boss.

About half-past seven the crowd began an attack on the Heishinkan house-agency in Kasugano-michi on the east side of Kobe.

About the time that the attack was being made on Takei's premises, Kat-

sunosuke Yamanouchi set off from Shinkawa without telling anyone where he was going. Again he made his way to the Minatogawa Park. Contrary to his expectation, everything was quiet, only groups of people being collected here and there as on the previous evening. It was then quite dark, and all the picture-halls in Shinkaichi were full.

Katsunosuke felt as if it were useless to endeavor to stir the people up. However, he got up on the high-jump again to address the crowd which instantly collected.

'Gentlemen,' he shouted, 'I'm going down a second time to talk to Hanaki and Company. Those of us who went there last night got taken to the police station for our pains. This time we've got to finish up what we want to say. Down in Fukiai there's a riot because of the high price of rice. I seen it with my own eyes. We ain't going to stand for it. All these rascally dealers take us for worms, but we ain't.'

There were cries of approval from the crowd, and some of the more excitable young men dashed off. This set them all running, and Katsunosuke, breaking off his speech, started off, followed by a large crowd. This time he did not take the tramcar, and all the crowd ran with him. In fifteen minutes they had arrived in front of the head office of Hanaki, but the door was shut and all the lights out. A man who looked like a navvy banged at the glass doors, but there was no answer. Then twenty or thirty of the crowd began banging at the door. In another minute it was down and a lumper was running up the stairs.

[Here the book is so severely censored that the thread of the narrative is lost.]

The fire brigade came running up, but the crowd would not let it pass. The hose was pulled away. Then the

fire brigade commenced to play upon the fire from the office of the *Kobe News*, but someone in the crowd . . .

Every time the fire leaped higher the crowd shouted. Like the Emperor Nero rejoicing at the burning of Rome, so the people rejoiced at the burning of Hanaki's head office. There must have been tens of thousands witnessing the conflagration.

The crowd was intoxicated with delight. The sparks fell in showers, and the swirls of fire mounting up shone upon the faces of the people and made them burn. The conflagration spread with extraordinary swiftness. In places the flames leaped to the sky, in others they burned low. In some places they had a purple glow, in others they were crimson, or white, or blue. At times they sparkled with the beauty of a gold brocade. In ancient times people used to worship fire, and to the modern man fire has a fascination. It glowed like a fine sunset. On the opposite side of the street the building of the Mitsubishi Bank shone out clearly in the darkness as if it were illuminated. The strangeness and beauty of the sight intoxicated the crowd.

The firemen became impatient. Here and there skirmishes took place between the police and the people. Occasionally the crowd chaffed the police.

'They don't pay you very much. Ain't your missus worried about the price of rice?' they asked.

This made the police smile, whereupon the crowd burst out laughing.

The firemen wanted to turn their hose on Hanaki's building, but the crowd would not let them. They launched themselves like an avalanche on the nozzle of the hose, for possession of which there were scuffles. In the fitful light of the fire the people seemed like puppets. Faces could not be recognized; they were continually changing in the excitement of the scene. The

firemen confined themselves to keeping the fire from spreading to the surrounding buildings. To the east was the post office, separated only by the narrow Uji River — more like a ditch than a river. This the firemen protected very cleverly. A constant shower of water was played on the building, the drops glittering in the light of the fire. The road was turned into mud, which also reflected the flames, as though it had been dyed red. Many in the crowd were calculating Hanaki's wealth. There was the young master of the house who lived like a millionaire with God knows how many mistresses. How many tens of thousands were spent on his wedding? How many thousands of yen in training his hunting-dogs? At Hanaki's shipyard the workmen had to live in huts and were treated worse than dogs.

Mrs. Sadako, the head of the house of Hanaki, as soon as she heard of the attack on the head office, fled to her mansion at Suma, and Yamakawa, the manager, who had gone to Tokyo, immediately made preparations to return.

The crowd that had watched the fire separated. Some, after giving a cheer, went down the hill to the back of the Prefectural Office. Others went to the Minatogawa Park, and others on to Hyogo. Others waited in Sakae-machi till the last. In all there were seven places fired — one Hanaki's, and the others the offices of the house-agency which controlled a third of the houses in Kobe.

All the time detectives were active in the crowd. The leaders of the disturbance were watched and followed and a chalk-mark put on them unobserved. Afterward they were arrested one by one.

How was it that the citizens of Kobe, whose city was thus illuminated by seven fires, were not able to close their eyes that night? It was because the profiteers of the city had become too in-

solent and had turned all the citizens against them. To the propertied class it almost seemed as if the disturbance had been organized.

The Mayor of Kobe went to the Prefectural Office in a very agitated state. In spite of its being the middle of the night, the Governor was seated in his office watching the fires and receiving reports from each district.

Mr. Shimatani, the Mayor, a tall fellow, who would have made two of Governor Iwashita, was in a very nervous state.

'Could n't we ask the War Office to send some troops?' he suggested.

'Send troops?'

The Governor looked at the Mayor with a knowing smile on his little face, expressing clearly his low opinion of the Mayor's proposal.

'Call out the troops? What would you do with them?'

The Mayor stared at the Governor's pocket-marked face.

'But look here,' he said, 'it's —'

'What are you talking about? It's only a rice riot. There's no feeling against the Government. We had a proof of that just now in the crowd that ran past the Prefectural Office. Did n't they stop and cheer? It's all the fault of the profiteers — they're too grasping, and the mob have just rebelled against them. That's the origin of the disturbance. I would n't move a single soldier to chastise the children of the Emperor.'

The Governor was firm in his opposition to calling out the troops. He turned away and looked out of the window at the flaming ruins of Hanaki's office.

The telephone bell was ringing constantly.

Still the Mayor persisted in his efforts to move the Governor.

'Why should peaceful citizens be disturbed?' he asked.

'Yes, but the reports up to now only

show that there have been attacks on the rice shops in the city and on the wholesale dealers, such as Hanaki, besides the house-agency, the manager of which is condemned by public opinion. What is there to call out the troops for? How can we repress by military force a sudden outbreak of an economic nature due to fluctuations in prices? It would be better to ask the Central Government to announce an official price for rice. It seems to me that fixing the prices of daily necessities would be more efficacious than calling up ten thousand troops. What do you think?’

The Mayor, who had been listening to the Governor with a very dissatisfied countenance, struck in as soon as the Governor paused for breath.

‘That’s all very fine in theory,’ he retorted, ‘but the city’s in a state of —’

‘I recognize that. But the matter is not one that can be settled by force. Suppose there was a mistake and innocent people were killed or wounded by the troops, the results would be terrible.’

The Governor thus persisted in his refusal, and the Mayor had finally to withdraw discomfited.

About one o’clock in the morning the fires which had lit the city died out. The quietness of night again reigned over this city of six hundred thousand souls, and she became absorbed in the bosom of Mother Nature. Riot, rebellion, hatred, incendiarism — all had vanished. Only the Rokko mountain range, like a great sea-otter come down to drink, stretched its head toward the sea.

After the disturbance the night was quiet, and the clear sky of August stretched over the city. The citizens of Kobe witnessed a beautiful dawn on the morning of the thirteenth.

But the residents in the Shinkawa slums did not pay any attention to the beauty of the morning. There was a rumor that the rice shop in Kitahon-machi that Mizuta, the boss, had guarded would be burned to the ground. A story flew round that all Shinkawa was to be fired. Some people came and told Eiichi that the Mission also was to be burned.

Shinkawa was in an uproar, as though filled with refugees from a field of battle. Some took all their household goods to the bed of the Shinikuta River, some took their families to the piece of open ground in Azuma-dori, as a place of safety. Although they were all poor people who do not generally have much household furniture, owing to the prosperous times recently a very large number had clothespresses, china cabinets, and kitchen cupboards.

The summer sun was shining, and by eight o’clock in the morning was high enough to peep into all the dark rooms in the slums. But it found them empty. Shocked at the amount of damage done, the people had taken refuge elsewhere.

In the neighborhood of Eiichu’s two-mat room in Kitahon-machi it was comparatively quiet. Matsu, as she brought out her things one by one, gave an explanation of this. She had heard all the details from Mrs. Tsuruda. The ragpickers had taken the opportunity to go round Shinkawa to pick up what they could find. Misa, with her pole over her shoulder, had passed in front of Matsu’s house.

‘They’ve got Katsu,’ she cried, and Matsu began questioning her.

‘Katsu? Who’s that?’

‘Katsu Yamanouchi — Katsu, the syrup-seller.’

‘Got him? Where?’

‘He took part in the row last night.’

THE CONDOR FLUTE¹

A SKETCH FROM THE ANDEAN FOOTHILLS

BY CARLOS B. QUIROGA

[THIS sketch was dedicated to Einstein, who has recently visited Argentina.]

WHEN I was on the estancia of Humaya, in the extreme north of Catamarca Valley, my curiosity was aroused by seeing one of the ancient inhabitants there, Old Cativa, saddle his mule every day in the middle of the afternoon and disappear in the solitude, returning at nightfall. His excursions seemed to have no object, and he always came back alone, and absorbed in deep meditation.

Finally I asked his son Louis, a powerful, vigorous young ranch-boy, what his father did during these absences. The lad laughed and answered: 'He does n't do anything, boss. He just plays his condor flute out in the mountains until he gets tired of it.'

'What does he play?'

'Oh, mournful things. He likes to have a good cry, while the rest of the family work to support him.'

I said nothing, but thought to myself: What foolishness — Old Cativa playing a flute out in the wilderness and having a good cry! And on the first convenient occasion I made an excuse to accompany him on his daily excursion.

Just north of the estancia of Humaya lies El Ambato range, dwarfed in spite of its height by giant Aconquija. The latter peak dominates the horizon with

its lofty snow-cap, which turns alternately purple and ruddy at dawn and ruddy and purple at sunset, and monopolizes the landscape with its mighty and precipitous mass, crowding the arid and rocky crests of El Ambato down toward the plain.

It was a clear, quiet afternoon when Old Cativa and I rode out toward this range. We rarely spoke, but I at least felt voluble enough inside, in response to the still new and stirring impressions of the magnificent scenery and of a perfect afternoon in these noble solitudes whose silence was broken only by the lowing of distant herds.

Ascending through a depression in the range, we reached the watershed, whence we could see across El Ambato toward the west to where the mighty Andes barred the Pacific from our vision. From this point El Ambato seemed lofty enough, for between us and the mountains beyond lay an abyss so deep and so broad that my first glance shrank back from it with a baffled shudder, like the confused flight of a startled bird. At our feet the land fell away in precipices and abrupt descents to a level valley-bottom almost invisible below. So sudden was the change from the enclosing hills to these broad distances that it took a moment for the eyes to adjust themselves to the unexpected view and distinguish its details.

A line of railway, which cut directly across the arid, sandy valley-bottom,

¹From *La Prensa* (Buenos Aires Liberal daily), April 12

shone through the hazy depths like fine parallel wires suspended in space. At the farthest range of vision rose the sierras of Belén and Tinogasta, their summits scintillating in the reflections of the still more distant snows of the Grand Cordillera. Below us two clouds drifted slowly but capriciously with the shifting winds, in great woolly masses, changing their form with the air currents and the contours of the valley.

Old Cativa stood silent for a long time, immersed in contemplation of the grand view before him. That seemed to me remarkable, for the Creoles are so familiar with such scenery that, although they love its magnificence, they rarely stop to regard it with such absorbed attention.

A moment later, however, Cativa suddenly came back to earth, and we started homeward, where we arrived much earlier than his usual hour. I could see that my companionship had been unwelcome, that it jarred upon his silent worship of the mountains. Yet I felt a sense of baffled curiosity, and knew that I had not discovered the whole purpose of his excursions. He was keeping something back from me — possibly what I wanted most to know. Indeed, he had not even taken his flute from his belt, where he carried it the way the natives carry their knives.

Resolved not to be defeated, I returned to the same point alone early the following afternoon, concealed my mule in a ravine, and hid myself in a cluster of dwarf trees near the place where the old man had dismounted the previous day and lost himself in contemplation of the landscape. Again it was a perfect afternoon just starting on its decline.

I had not long to wait until the head of Old Cativa, with his long white beard, appeared above the ridge. As he rode very slowly, immersed in deep

thought, he suggested a *genius loci* begotten of the mighty forms of nature that surrounded us.

Dismounting and gazing for a short period at the scenery, Cativa took out his condor flute — a curious and symbolical instrument that I was able to examine closely later. It was made of the femur of a condor, and was an instrument at the same time simple and prodigious, real and symbolical, innocent and terrible. This piece of hollow, shining, marble-white bone was cut off obliquely at one end. A small aperture had been made in the opposite joint, and seven along the top, the first to produce the sound, the others to regulate the notes when covered and opened with the fingers. On the lower side was an eighth aperture of the same size as the others, which was opened and closed with the thumb. The end that was placed in the mouth when playing was partially stopped with wax, leaving a narrow horizontal split for the passage of the breath. The first of the seven holes on top was square; the others were round.

Old Cativa began to play. His melancholy notes evidently sought to express the sentiment that this vast immensity evoked in him, that he could not describe with words but that he felt with painful keenness. His music, albeit simple, had a certain bold swing, a power of sincerity, as if it had captured something of the spirit of the mountains and the great infinity of space. At the same time it seemed to voice the eternal human protest against the incomprehensibility of the universe, man's plaint against the infinite unknown.

Later, when I was able to win the confidence and friendship of Old Cativa, I had the privilege of listening without concealment to the monologues of his condor flute. He was a

thoughtful old man, this rare mountain mystic, and appreciated my efforts to translate his simple but moving notes into human words. One evening he interrupted his playing to say: —

‘Señor, to feel and to think a universe; but to be cooped up in this tiny life and tiny space of ours, cannot but make us sad. Only the animals can be happy, because they do not think about life and things beyond life. But man thinks and feels infinity, and lives in pettiness. That is his constant sorrow. Do you think there ever was a great man who was not melancholy? If a man truly comprehends the infinity of the universe and of time, however, he can never weary of existence.’

But Old Cativa was not always in this mood. Sometimes his tunes were as merry as the lightest heart could

demand, when his mind was filled with visions of green prairies and lowing herds, of flowery valleys and rustic festivals.

But his sadder music of the mountains was more in character, when he played lost in wonder at the mystery of the great mountain-spaces that surrounded him. And for that reason it seemed to me there was a deep significance in his instrument itself; for the condor is master of space — he soars at will over valley and mountain; he explores as easily as thought itself distant horizons and beyond. Moreover, I never could rid myself of a feeling that there was still some mystery unrevealed in the music of Old Cativa — some enigma that I could not quite fathom in its melancholy interrogation.

EPITAPHS IN ADVANCE¹

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

V. JOHN MASEFIELD

What needs my Masefield for his honored bones?
 Let others have their brass or lettered stones.
 Enough for him to know where he is gone
 Song's everlasting mercy goes with John.

¹From the *Spectator*

A SOUTHRON IN SCOTLAND. I¹

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

I SPENT one of the last mornings of a five weeks' visit to Scotland in going down the Clyde on an Anchor liner with three or four hundred emigrants for Canada and the States. Eighteen years before I had watched the other end of the long trail away in Alberta. That scene was instinct with the vibration of a new chapter. Redheads from Argyllshire, fine stocky 'Geordies' from the Northeast, keen-eyed mechanics from the Clyde, clerks from every considerable town in Scotland, men and women, they were all alert with the animation of hope, curiosity, and fresh experience.

There was nothing common or unclean, little that was casual, nondescript, or of light weight, in this sample of emigration. Everyone had raised the money for his own passage: there was no 'assistance.' The majority had friends to seek in the new land. Twenty-nine wives and sixty-two children were going to join husbands and fathers already settled. Unskilled men were quite the exception. Engineers, mechanics, and metal-workers appeared to be the most numerous, and after them miners. Masons, carpenters, painters, wood-turners, millers, bakers, tinsmiths, were all on the list.

Why were they leaving? Many, of course, for the ambition and curiosity that have sent Scotsmen abroad for centuries. Then, needless to say, unemployment; but more of these were fleeing from its shadow, I should surmise, than from its experience. They

¹From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), March 15, 22, 29.

did not look the sort that would be discarded first. But one or two had long been preparing to take wing as soon as the government employment bureau should become their only standby. And still more were alarmed at the steady improvement and extension of machinery, which threatens to leave little room for the ordinary 'skilled' engineer and to discharge the functions of industry by means of a superengineer at one end and a collection of unskilled labor at the other. Scotch industrialists have not been twiddling their thumbs, waiting for times to improve. Coal-cutters and conveyors have been installed, and yards and factories have been equipped with a mechanism that is almost the last word in economical production. Skilled workers in large-scale industry are deeply concerned about the effects of this upon their own future — and it has much to do with the demand for short hours as well as with the flight to other lands. The mind of Labor on the Clyde is obsessed with Mr. Baldwin's anxiety over the 'chronic' features of the present crisis. It does not see how even a recovery of the pre-war trade level would restore the pre-war numbers to employment. Hence the mass cling to the expedients of 'Ca' canny' and no overtime, while the kind who have no use for half-speed or a half-life cast their imagination overseas, where the shop-stewards cease from troubling and a man can do his best.

I had heard much at second hand about the resentment of trade-union restrictions by the man who is eager to

make his way in the world. After the fashion in which some of my fellow passengers expressed themselves, I cannot doubt that it is a potent factor in emigration. 'Of course, you can't say much,' as one of them put it, 'when you're in a union,' but the determined man who means to make something of existence chafes deeply at a system which steadily increases the rewards of the listless and mediocre at the expense of those who are ready to perfect themselves and spend themselves to the utmost. The dead-level philosophy clashes with the stronger type of Scottish character. It cannot reconcile itself to what has become a tyranny of the under dog.

It was ever the rule that Scotland should export much of her best stock, but the process has a new and disturbing aspect to-day. The emigrants out of this port of Glasgow in 1923 numbered 57,950, while the surplus of births over deaths for the whole country was only 48,617. Meanwhile the enormous Irish community in the West and Midlands multiplies and remains.

What was dinned into me in almost all parts of the country was somewhat as follows: 'The Irish do not assimilate with us or acquire the Scottish qualities and tradition. Their religion and its agencies keep them apart, and even where there is intermarriage the resulting stock shows the characteristic virtues of neither race. They are not, in the main, a reënforcement to anything but the ranks of unskilled labor. By their natural turn for the arts of political connection they get themselves into the "sheltered" employments, such as the gas and sanitary departments of the Corporation of Glasgow, where a "new-come-over" will often get a job from an Irish foreman in preference to a Scotsman long out of work. They penetrate by the same methods into the control of trade-

unions, where their weight is all lent to extreme views and destructive courses. They are responsible for the turmoil of the Clyde. They do not seek education, and do not rise in business, the professions, or public life, as Scotsmen even of the humblest class are found doing. Their high-water mark is that of the publican, pawnbroker, provision-dealer, or politician. They remain a true proletariat at the bottom of the social system. They add far more than their share to the burdens of poor relief and of crime.'

But how far is the indictment true? Irish separateness is in the main a fact; and it is also the case that the fruits of miscegenation, where it occurs, are not very impressive. The crossing of races is a very subtle thing. The Scotch-Indian marriages of the old Hudson Bay factors produced, strangely enough, a type as satisfactory as its French-Indian analogue is defective. I was in close touch many years ago with working-class families of Scotch-Irish blood, and the raciness of both strains seemed to be submerged in a nullity, inoffensive enough, but a nullity all the same. It seems to be true that an unfair preference for Irishmen arises in sheltered trades in the way suggested. It is true that the Irish make more than a proportionate demand upon charity in Glasgow, but I have the highest authority for saying that their preëminence in crime is a myth.

The idea that the Irish dominate Clyde politics is a sheer hallucination. They supply a good deal of useful combustibles to Mr. MacDonald's party, but the Labor movement in Glasgow is controlled — and firmly controlled — by the purest type of Westland Whigs I have ever met.

There remains the subject of education — which is the essential crux of the whole matter. Unless the trans-

planted Irish can be brought to within an approximate distance of the Scottish standard and tradition, the 'proletarian' outcome follows automatically. Their schools were at a very low level, and the improvement is slow. Unfriendly critics would have it that Catholic educational policy is conducted with a sole eye to segregation. But I do know, and from Protestant sources, that in the mining districts of the Scottish Midlands there is a genuine Catholic movement for higher education, that it has the full support of the priesthood, and that it has already sent the sons and daughters of miners to the University of Edinburgh.

The most striking aspect of Scottish emigration for the moment is its bearing on the man power of industry — its selection for export of the more skilled, the more vigorous, and the more independent strains, which are not adequately replaced, for the time being at least, by the immigrant inflow and its natural increase. The subject has its rural side, upon which it is needless to repeat the generalities of political reflection. If agriculture is allowed to languish, the cereal and bestial crops which are lost are nothing in importance to the human crop which must inevitably follow them. The general decrease of country population is a phenomenon which Scotland shares with England, and, not being distinctive, may be passed over for the moment. But the special case of the Highlands demands attention, because the Highlander is the quicksilver of Scotland and his tradition lends the nation half its poetry and spiritual vision.

Possessing only the minutest infusion of Celtic blood, I can say this with the more deliberation and emphasis. Cut all the 'Macs' out of our personal memories and our public records, and

realize how much of our pride and legend is gone! It is a simple fact that among Scotsmen of university grade the Highland counties were found, a few years ago, to count for half a dozen times their relative strength in population. That their economic poverty guides ambition into professional rather than commercial avenues cannot wholly explain such a disparity. To characterize their military record would be to belabor commonplaces. If one tried to sum all up in a sentence, it might be said that what Fiona Macleod called 'the vision of beautiful life' is the Highlander's distinctive contribution to Scotland's inheritance.

The Highland population has been steadily falling for seventy years. Caithness shows a fall of 11.6 per cent in the ten years, Inverness 5.5 per cent, Ross and Cromarty 8.5 per cent, and Sutherland 11.8 per cent. Since 1921 the exodus has been continuous. Hundreds at a time have shipped overseas from the West, and upon the opposite seaboard last month I saw a party mustered for their medical inspection prior to departure. Poverty in the Highlands has been mitigated in the last generation, but whether the corrosion of discontent has been at all weakened is very doubtful. The men on the poorest crofts were those who bore the hardest brunt of war, and it is to them that peace has made its most grudging return. They have seen 'a world elsewhere,' and it is more difficult to bear the old constriction. Their meagre holdings cannot be extended as they desire, because that would trench upon the economic return of the large farms upon the one side or involve invasion of the deer forest on the other — and deer-fencing is so very expensive! In cold economics, of course, the crofter has not a leg to stand upon. If deer forests and grouse moors have a higher ratable value than crofts (and in individual parishes

they run to as much as 78 per cent of the total), and if, even then, the finance of local government is a constant strain, what is one to do? The alien sportsman is 'the gentleman who pays the rint.' Is it possible to disturb him in the interests of a class which can achieve no great 'production,' and whose only contribution is to the blood and spirit of their race and the defense of their country?

Many patriotic Scotsmen have felt constrained to reconcile themselves to the sporting interest as at present constituted in the Highlands, on the simple ground that, like the Prince Consort, it is 'not to be done without.' They know that it is an aching tooth in Scotland's head, wounding her pride, her democracy, and her sense of freedom. They know that it shuts out a whole nation from the natural playground which ought to be part of the spiritual cure for its social maladies. They feel the irony that a 'land of the mountain and the flood' should see both the mountain and the flood so frequently marked 'Private.' Their blood boils to think that, in the interests of strangers' brief recreation, inns should be closed, private hospitality forbidden, and everything short of physical intimidation employed to keep the Caledonian from wandering on his native heath.

But suppose that the sporting rights were bought out, lock, stock, and barrel, and the Highlands thrown open to the recreation of Scotland and of all the world? Suppose that they were thronged with the holiday traffic that fills Switzerland and Norway and swarms over the French Pyrenees? The deer and the grouse would be gone, and their respective slayers, and the rents which they pay, and there would be a big hole in the rate-book. But would no 'ratable values' arise to fill the void? I have never heard that Switzerland

was other than a 'business proposition.' The well-equipped Pyrenees are always extending their tourist accommodation, and the prosperity engendered by cheap catering in Norway is equally significant. The eviction by purchase of the sporting interest would leave the way open for a tripartite Highland economy of crofting, forestry; and recreation. The crofts could be greatly enriched by an extension of pasture; afforestation would develop the kind of settlements where the convenience of the pedestrian, the cyclist, and the general tourist would be most easily provided; and the three interests would dovetail into each other as they do in every country where the same conditions exist.

There is one thing more to be spoken of before I leave the Highlands. Nothing is harder than to rebuild a peasantry. Many have feared that the North might be too far gone to desert before a constructive policy had time to avert decay. The crofter life will rarely be taken up by those in whom the crofter outlook, sentiment, and association have not been bred or in whom they have once been broken. One must be to that manner reared, if not born. No adult population could ever be brought to refill Strathglass, that once teeming mother of men.

But here comes in one of the most cheering sights I witnessed in all broad Scotland. In the northern part of Inverness-shire such families as remained seemed to be very prolific. But that was a hasty inference. The young caterans clustered about the doors or pelting along the roads were many of them Highland children only by adoption. The Poor Law authorities of several cities board their derelicts out in this way, and the majority go to Highland homes. The Parish of Glasgow has a normal total of 2000 thus disposed of. It is rarely other than a

true home that they find. Foster parenthood is deeply rooted in the Highland tradition — as it needs must be among any people whose ancient trade was mutual slaughter and the manufacture of orphans. The city waifs are absorbed in the crofter household, and in after years, when they have gone their own way in the world, they honor the tie by many filial pieties. They had certainly, as I saw them, all the air, the spring-gait, the courtesy, and the mannerisms of Highland children.

I don't know of any salvage more exciting to the imagination than that of these slum mites wafted to the hills and assimilated in the gracious kinship of Macgillavries and Macgregors. The wind on the heath is theirs, and they will go forth with the clean and proud memories that are the sweetest treasure of youth. Some of them are already Highland stock at a remove, and, for the rest, is not biology swinging back to Lamarck and 'the inheritance of acquired characteristics'? Only a minority remain in the Highlands now, for occupation is lacking (the deer forests keep less than a thousand men in regular, and just over another thousand in irregular, employment), but many would stay if the land of their nurture regained a vital economy. And few — very few — ever reappear where the Poor Law found them.

The same renewing of blood, in a slighter proportion, comes to Lowland agriculture — which, in spite of hard times, offers no outward aspect of ill-cheer. The countryside is brisker, in closer touch with the world, and, thanks to the bicycle and other things, blessed with a social circulation once unknown. The lower grades of poverty seem to have been obliterated. I don't imagine one could see to-day, as I have done, a family of children, attired mainly in guano-bags, turned out to breakfast on the roadside with the porridge-pot in

the midst of them. The neatness and sufficiency of clothing and shoe-leather were, in every rural district I visited, most conspicuous. I asked a Moray Firth farmer how he accounted for the undoubted improvement. 'Well,' he replied, 'it's possible we are taking more out of the land.' Remembering the day when I saw him graduate with first-class honors in mathematics, I reflected that it was more than possible. The graduate farmer was always to be found in the northern counties for the last half-century, and technical instruction has made enormous advances.

Another factor is the decline of the whiskey-bottle as the centre of sociability and the substitution of the business-like auction-mart for the old open market with its cues for refreshment. 'Tam o' Shanter is dead,' said my old friend — though farther south I gathered that there were still farmers who allowed other spirits than petrol to enter into their motor-driving. Judging from the proportion of married men employed, there must have been a most substantial amount of cottage-building since my youth, when it was rare to find more than the grieve thus accommodated. This means a more civilized life for the farm servant, and he bears many of the marks of it.

While the Scottish farmer has plenty of problems and difficulties, he has little faith left in political remedies, at least of the conventional sort. The good farmer has practically all the 'fixity of tenure' that he needs in his title to compensation. Land settlement (considering the difficulties of small-scale agriculture except in the vicinity of markets) has had surprisingly sound results. One heard on good authority that the failures scarcely exceed ten per cent, and that some of the most marked successes are supplied by what may be described as fanatical fugitives from town life.

A question of which more will be heard is that of multiple or 'led' farms — which brings the economic and social aspects of rural life into sharp conflict. In one county I was told that nineteen farms are held by one tenant. Such a pluralist is obviously a cultivator and commercial man of exceptional ability; he would not outbid other candidates for vacant holdings unless he had confidence in his power to produce and pay the higher rent. From the national economic standpoint he is a desirable institution. On the other hand, if eighteen farmers' sons have had to desert the land, if eighteen farm-houses are vacant which might be rearing middle-class rural families, and if country life is to that extent increased in monotony, the result is on all those counts to be regretted. A farmsteading without a farmer is apt to be just as draggle-tailed as an English village without a squire. One might conjecture that the system offered a better

avenue of responsibility and promotion for the griever in charge, but I found no support for that idea. It is the old antithesis — what improves the cereal and bestial crop does not always improve the human one. There is a tendency in many countries to put a limit on the amount of land one man may farm — and Scotland may come to it yet.

One thing I most distinctly missed, and that was the Doric in its old fullness and currency. Broad Scotch is ceasing to be the speech of the common people and becoming the indulgence of the educated. The country boy resents being addressed in his dialect, as he suspects condescension. Education in Scotland is part of the fibre of life; education is in English; and all seriousness acquires an English tongue. It tends to be a precise and colorless tongue, with a sacrifice of much native pithiness in childhood, though that mends itself as time goes on.

CASANOVA GROWN OLD¹

BY MAX BROD

IN DUX, the diminutive city which, in spite of the change that time has brought with it, is even to-day scarcely more than a quiet and sleepy village in which no car, no tram, no motor, disturbs the narrow streets with their rows of low-built houses, Casanova settled down for the last twelve years of his life.

Its air of calm gives the city even now some of the atmosphere of a rural hamlet, and yet it was in this

little town that the adventurer, the gambler, the philosopher, — still wrapped in glittering reminiscence of the courts at Paris and Warsaw, of the fortune and the misery of that fantastic career which had taken him throughout all Europe, from Spain to Russia and into Turkey, — came to rest at last.

Librarian of Count Waldstein — an easy post, but a torment for a man like Casanova, surrounded by domesticities whose speech he scarcely understood and who distressed him because

¹From *Prager Tagblatt* (German language Nationalist-Liberal daily), March 8

he felt himself so infinitely their superior.

A sound thrashing administered by the lackey Viderol led to a wearisome legal procedure, and life in Dux became more and more unendurable to the old lion, until at length, seeking to relieve in some measure the dullness of his surroundings, he sat down to write his memoirs, a masterpiece of world literature, famous everywhere, widely read, and perpetually coming out in new editions, another of which is even now appearing. Yet perhaps we fail to value Casanova's work aright despite all this, for there is a tendency to regard this book as nothing more than a bit of interesting writing, as literature, or even as being chiefly important because it is a document in the history of civilization. Very rarely has it occurred to anyone that these memoirs — though decried on grounds of frivolity and cynicism — represent life's highest wisdom; and yet his book bears witness that Casanova was a spirit infinitely superior to all the woes of this world, and shows the author as one deep read in knowledge of the human heart and of the values and the fullness of existence. Perhaps the time will come when Casanova will no longer be regarded as a blasphemer because, skeptic that he was, he set down in the preface to his memoirs such a sentence as this: 'The divine precepts rooted in my heart must necessarily produce as fruit an extraordinary morality.'

Yes, that is what this 'unmoral' author in all seriousness thought of himself. A paradox? That will disappear and will vanish in a true self-knowledge as soon as we reach, after a thousand sorrows, that wisdom which Casanova himself formulated in another sentence: 'Everything shows me that in the physical as well as in the moral realm good is constantly de-

veloping from evil and evil from good. To thoughtful readers the wrong ways I have taken will point out the right way, and from my blunders they may also learn the great lesson that everyone hovers perpetually on the brink of a precipice. The main thing is to have courage.' Recognize this fact, and yet never give up the will to good. Thus armed with knowledge one may find in Casanova's memoirs a literal encyclopædia of wisdom.

The dullness of Dux is the reason why Casanova wrote his memoirs, for they offered a way of escape from Dux into that 'good society' which, mentally at least, he wished to create for himself. 'Now in the year 1797, and at the age of seventy-two, — when I can already say *vixi* although I am still alive, — I can scarcely conceive a more pleasant task than to occupy myself with my own affairs and to afford that good society which will listen to me, which has always treated me in friendly wise and in whose midst I have always moved, a worthy occasion for laughter.' It is not hard to feel the obvious contrast between this imaginary public and the 'poor society' of Waldstein's castle and their distinctly unworthy laughter.

The castle stood in the centre of the town, next to the church and the market place. A stranger putting up in the best hotel — good, as everybody knows, is a word with a relative meaning — could look right straight into Casanova's window. The castle was sold not very long after the revolution by Count Waldstein, who used it but seldom, to the local administration at Dux — with the exception of the Casanova relics, which included eight thousand pages, in part still unpublished, letters, manuscripts, mathematical calculations, fragments, verses, and a few plays. The manuscript of the memoirs, as everybody knows, is not in-

cluded among them, but is the possession of the publishing firm of Brockhaus in Leipzig, where no one is allowed to see it.

At present the invaluable Casanova collection of the Waldsteins, in which so many investigators, especially Bernhard Marr, the Casanova scholar of Dux, have worked, is housed in another castle of the Waldsteins, though I have not been able to learn definitely which. The local administration has adapted the castle at Dux to its own purposes. In the central portion a local museum has been formed out of the relics of the Waldstein collection that were left behind. Such objects as the taste of a wealthy man could bring together stand here and there opposite each other: minerals, stuffed birds, fragments of Roman sculpture, Greek vases, ivory carvings from China, a room full of very beautiful exotic porcelain, mingled with old electric machines and Leyden jars dating from the time when interest in the science of physics was just beginning, a collection of old arms, Waldstein's white charger stuffed and adorned with a silver bridle and a silver saddlecloth, flanked by a bad clay statuette of the hero and an old spinning wheel. Oh, the melancholy of the dusty immortality afforded by such a provincial museum!

There is a quaint and beautiful hall, the portrait gallery of the former owner. A big battle-picture — Wallenstein, clad in armor, and not exhausted as he is usually represented in Schiller's trilogy, but leading a cavalry charge. Close by, a naval fight, depicting the capture of an important member of the family, and another member as a Maltese knight. The ceiling piece is unquestionably the funniest picture that I ever saw, for it represents Baron Waldstein, a distant ancestor, leading his twenty-four sons to King

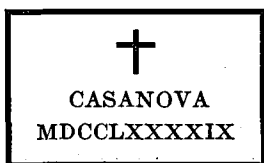
Premysl Ottokar in order to offer them for military service. Let us admit that seldom had any painter faced so difficult a problem. The twenty-four young knights must look like one another, and yet not be duplicates of one another, and the hapless painter, therefore, having bestowed upon them all the self-same nose, tried to give them individuality by placing them in all possible positions.

The four-and-twenty are stretched out in a long row on horseback, looking right and left and back upon their tracks, past their lances, and twisting in this direction and that so that their bearing seems to express anxious embarrassment, although it is clearly not their fault that they belong to a brotherhood so numerous.

The windows open on a beautiful English park. Meadows, ancient oaks. Casanova must have seen it looking much the same, with the pavilion in the background and the chain of the Erzgebirge. Tradition has it that in this meadow, just behind the castle, he taught the ladies of the Count's family to play the violin and cello. But where was his library, and where did he live? The friendly guide points out a room in the parterre, in the centre of the castle, but Herr Marr insists that this room, though often represented in illustrated books as Casanova's workroom, was not used as a library until 1812. Casanova's real library was in the upper story of a wing near the church, and in this wing of the palace the local administration has installed two classes of the Czech gymnasium — a school of mines, and a school of household art and industry for the daughters of the canton. Imagine Casanova's dwelling as a school for girls! And as the girls who were just then leaving the school in modest groups were young and slender and pretty, it may be just as well that Casanova was not about. Pray heaven

they may not, while they are learning to cook and to darn stockings, feel the *genius loci* working too strongly in their heads and hearts!

In 1922, while workmen were laying a water pipe about a metre below the surface, they came upon Casanova's gravestone, which has now been set up in the museum. A block of sandstone, its cross of iron missing, the inscription very succinct: —



This gave rise to new uncertainties. Did it mean that Casanova had been buried in the castle garden? But there is a second inscription in the Saint Barbara Church.

Around the church there was once a great churchyard, which has been long abandoned and has been made into a little park in Schiller's memory. Ancient weeping willows are all that remind us of its former use. There is a distressing Schiller medallion in a granite block, and a monument for the miners who perished in the flood of 1879 — some twenty-one names and underneath the miners' greeting, '*Glück auf!*' — here unintentionally ironic. On the right, next to the church door, a great stone of recent date has been let into the wall: 'Jacob Casanova, Venice 1725 — Dux 1798.' The grave must have been within four metres of the church door. It has not been kept up, and in the afternoon sun a long train of children's wagons is dragged over the spot. The date of his death, according to the inscription found in the castle garden, is corrected to 1799, for the stone in the church was put in place only after the graveyard was abandoned, and Marr believes that the original gravestone of Casanova

was sent back as the property of the lords of the castle. It is, then, certain that Casanova was buried in the Church of Saint Barbara. But how his stone came to be buried under the earth in the castle garden is still a puzzle.

I spent an evening with Marr, a magnificent type of the private scholar, a fine old man with wise eyes and bushy eyebrows beneath a high forehead, whose cheeks glow when he, a manufacturer by his calling, begins to speak about his special enthusiasm, the investigation of Casanova's life and works.

Eagerly he opens chest after chest and drags out precious manuscripts from a steel safe. On the walls are books, all the editions of Casanova from the original edition up, the newest publications by Vèze and Ravà, none of which could have appeared without the active coöperation of the investigator at Dux. Marr has set down the results of his own studies in more than thirty folio volumes of manuscript, which constitute an exact catalogue and description of all that Casanova left behind.

Every leaf has been listed and described with wonderful industry. An exhaustive index of all the names mentioned in the papers, and a card catalogue arranged by special call-words, adds to its usefulness. All the letters have been copied over, and even traced, thus preserving the strokes of the original handwriting. Marr wished to perform this service for all the papers left behind, but the war interfered with his task, and now his beloved archive has been taken from him.

One little example will show what value his work, to which he has devoted ten years of his life, has for the study of Casanova. We were talking about the authenticity of the memoirs, which has recently been questioned. I observed that this question would be more easily

decided if we knew whether Casanova worked quite unhampered or whether he used notes. Marr turned instantly to his registers, which are linked together by a clever system of cross-

reference, and speedily showed me under the call-word 'Memoirs' numerous places in the archives in which mention is made of the way in which the memoirs were written.

LUCK¹

BY FRANK A. CLEMENT

'THERE is no such thing as luck,' said Sir Henry Derringer.

'My dear man,' exclaimed Lady Adela Faversham, 'no such thing as luck! Why, there's nothing else. You did n't think it was merit, did you? And in the diplomatic service, too.'

'What's that?' boomed Sir Thomas Grandon, our host. 'Who's talking about luck?'

'Sir Henry says there is n't such a thing,' said Lady Adela.

'No such thing as luck!' shouted Sir Thomas. 'Good heavens! Of course there's such a thing as luck!'

'You surprise me,' said Rowley, the famous criminal lawyer; 'I thought you of all men would deny it.'

'That's where you slipped up, my friend,' retorted Sir Thomas. 'Luck? Why, the whole world is run on luck. Often, I'll grant you, it takes a wise man to know it when he sees it. But there are times and people —'

'You're not going to defend charms and mascots and all the silly ritual of modern superstition, are you?' said Derringer.

'Why not? I don't suppose a Teddy bear tied to the bonnet of a car makes a good driver out of a bad one, if that's what you mean. But I do think that if

a good driver feels happier because he has a gollywog with him, he'll drive all the better for it. A mascot, if you favor mascots, creates a lucky atmosphere. But that's not the luck I was talking about. Did any of you know Jimmy Lorimore?'

'D' you mean the man who died of apoplexy as he finished speaking at a public dinner?' asked Derringer.

'Yes, that was Jimmy. Best after-dinner speaker in London. Died while the crowd was laughing and hammering on the tables. Talk of luck!'

'Oh, well,' sneered Derringer, 'if you call that luck! Is that the luck you were talking about, Lady Adela?'

'Possibly,' replied the lady coolly; 'one would want to know all the facts.'

'Exactly,' said our host. 'Truth is, Lorimore simply stumbled into good things. His life was one long string of happy accidents.'

'And his death?' said Rowley.

'That was probably the happiest accident of all.'

'This is intriguing,' said Rowley. 'Sir Thomas has said so much I think he ought to tell us more.'

'Hear, hear!' cried Lady Adela.

'I second that,' said Derringer.

'Carried unanimously,' added Rowley.

'Very well,' said our host, 'here goes. Lorimore had the usual upbringing, you

¹From the *Outlook* (London Independent weekly), March 7

know, public school and 'varsity, and our story starts when he had come down from Oxford with a pass degree, a pretty taste in wine and other things, and a disinclination to take life seriously. It was understood that he would have to do something presently, and meanwhile he was looking about him, as he was fond of saying. Well, one day he was looking about him in the middle of the road at Hyde Park Corner, and was run over by a brougham. That's how his luck started.'

'Luck?' said Rowley.

'Luck, all right,' responded our host. 'Brougham belonged to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he happened to be inside. Old boy was awfully cut up, trundled Jimmy round to the hospital, where he had his arm set, just a simple fracture, and then took him to his own house. Final result, Jimmy got a Treasury appointment.'

'Yes, I remember him there,' said Derringer.

'So do a lot of people,' chuckled Sir Thomas. 'Fortunately, the men in his Department took a fancy to Jimmy — everybody always took a fancy to Jimmy — and held him up for a year or so, when his next stroke of luck occurred. You'll understand that, much as everybody liked Jimmy and did their best for him, you can't make a system of dry-nursing foolproof. Not that Lorimore was a fool, but you could never get him to believe that what went on in his Department mattered.'

'And did it?' asked Lady Adela brightly.

'Very rarely,' said Sir Thomas. 'But there came a time when it did. His particular guardian angel was away, and Jimmy got his papers in a devil of a mess, with the result that he put the wrong papers before the wrong man, and incidentally exposed the biggest scandal the Civil Service had ever known. Of course, it was hushed up.'

'Of course,' murmured Derringer judicially.

'Oh, quite,' retorted Sir Thomas. 'But Jimmy was a marked man: marked for removal, because his chiefs felt that if he went away he would forget all about it; and for promotion, because his friends wanted to do him a good turn. You see, luck had set in for Jimmy.'

'I see,' said Rowley; 'and how did they manage it?'

'Easily. They sent him out to Dudsylvania, with a competent staff and an ornamental chief, to put the finances of that dilapidated State in order.'

'And did he?' asked Derringer slyly.

'No, as it happened, he did n't. But he would have if he'd had time. His chief would have got a G. C. B., and he would have got his C. B. in the usual way. There's a systematic way of doing these things, is n't there, Derringer?'

'Oh, quite,' said that diplomatist hurriedly.

'As our old friend says, "Quite"! But they did n't give Jimmy time. The people of Dudsylvania chose the moment of Jimmy's visit to start a revolution, and — luck again — the biggest scoundrel in the country took refuge under Jimmy's bed, and was eventually got out of the country as one of Jimmy's secretaries. There's luck for you!'

'But I thought you said he was a scoundrel?' murmured Rowley.

'Politically, only politically!' explained Sir Thomas. 'Socially he was very wealthy. Stambulescov — that was the chap's name; I expect you've all heard of him — was tremendously grateful, and, persuading Jimmy to resign from the Treasury, appointed him his principal private secretary. It was while Jimmy was running Stambulescov's racing-establishment at Newmarket that he met Angela Morbiton.'

'They were engaged, were n't they?' said Derringer.

'Yes, I remember,' exclaimed Lady Adela. 'Was n't there something romantic about the breaking off?'

'There was,' replied our host. 'Jimmy's luck held. On the eve of the wedding Angela changed her mind and went off with old Forfar.'

'Luck indeed!' murmured Derringer.

'You knew Forfar?' asked Sir Thomas.

'I knew his wife!' said Derringer.

'Of course, Jimmy did n't know his luck at the time, but Stambulescov opportunely fell ill, and dying left Jimmy £20,000 and no end of business to settle. When he'd cleared everything up Jimmy painted several towns red, and invested the remains in a friend's rubber plantations — that was in 1906 or 1907. Damn-fool thing to do,

of course, but it was Jimmy, and he came out in the boom year a rich man, took a nice little place in the country, and did himself and his friends uncommonly well. And, really, I think that's about all.'

'But you said he was lucky to die when he did!' said Lady Adela.

'So he was,' retorted Sir Thomas. 'You see, when he came out of rubber he put his money in the Guarantee Liberator Victory Insurance Company, and on the day after the dinner at which he died it was rumored in the City that the directorate of that famous company had sailed for Bolivia. Consequently Jimmy never knew that he was practically a pauper.'

'So you see,' murmured Derringer slyly to Lady Adela, 'there really is such a thing as luck.'

'Don't be silly,' said Lady Adela.

A CHINESE LITANY OF ODD NUMBERS¹

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

THE NINE NINES, OR NOVENAS

The Nine Deplorable Social Habits

Drunkenness
Dirt
Shuffling
The loud voice
Scratching
Unpunctuality
Peevishness
Spitting
Repeated jests

The Nine Admirable Social Habits

Relieving of tension

Courteous attention
Discreet mention
Tenacious retention
Assiduous recension
Wise abstention
Calculated prevention
Tactful intervention
A sense of dimension

The Nine Follies

To think oneself immortal
To think investments secure
To take convention for friendship
To expect a reward for right-doing
To imagine that the rich regard you
as an equal
To continue to drink after you have

¹From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), January 31

begun saying to yourself that you
are still sober
To write verse
To lend (or, still worse, to give) money
To travel with much luggage

The Nine Rules for Dealing with the Poor

To be courteous
To be distant
To oppress
To exploit
To pay little
To pay exactly
To pity vaguely
To interfere
To denounce to the authorities

The Nine Rules for Dealing with the Rich

To flatter
To attend
To remember many faces
To love none
To hate very few
To attack only the defeated
To enrich others by counsel
To enrich oneself by all means whatsoever
To lie.

*The Nine Negative Rules for Walking
in the Country*

Not to fear beasts
Not to walk without an object
Not to become self-conscious when
another approaches
Not to hasten or linger, but to adopt
a dull stride
Not to avoid trespass
Not to avoid mud
Not to avoid hills
Not to brood on trouble
Not to walk when you can ride,
drive, or be carried

*The Nine Negative Rules for Walking
in Town*

Not to talk to oneself
Not to barge into others
Not to swing the cane

Not to cross the street in a reverie
Not to neglect a salute
Not to contest authority
Not to purchase unnecessary wares
Not to despise the evil eye of beggars
Not to leave a fallen coin lying

The Nine Jollities

To laugh
To fight
To fulfill the body
To forget
To sing
To take vengeance
To discuss
To boast
To repose

The Nine Final Things

Disappointed expectation
Irretrievable loss
Inevitable fatigue
Unanswered prayer
Unrequited service
Ineradicable doubt
Perpetual dereliction
Death
Judgment

[Here end the Nines]

THE SEVEN SEVENS, OR SEPTETS

The Seven Hateful Things

Scorn from a woman loved
Acute pain of the body
The memory of shame
Insult accepted from the rich
Defeat of one's country
Seasickness
Despair

The Seven Rare Things

Vision
Recovery of things past
Good cooking
Being loved
Satisfaction
Remarkable wine
Justice

The Seven Common Things

The mother's love
 Embarrassment
 Quarrel
 Ambition
 Disappointment
 Misunderstanding
 Appetite

The Seven Delightful Things

Deep sleep
 Conscious vigor
 Reunion
 The landfall
 Unexpected praise from a loved woman
 Resurrection
 Final beatitude

The Seven Medicines of the Soul

Remorse
 Repentance
 Submission to the Divine Will
 A wide landscape
 A sublime air of music
 A firm determination to combat evil within
 Believing by an act of the will

The Seven Medicines of the Body

Work
 Bed
 Combat
 Riding
 Bread
 Wine
 Sleep

The Seven Stenches

The traitor

The pervers
 The cruel man
 The sly man
 The false teacher
 The deserter
 The politician

[Here end the *Sevens*]

THE THREE THREES, OR TRIADS

The Three Oddities

The dwarf
 The giant
 The foreigner

The Three Stand-bys

A loyal friend
 A good wife
 A stiff boat

The Three Perils

The world
 The flesh
 The Devil

[Here end the *Threes*]

THE TWO TWOS, OR PAIRS

The Two Things Worth Having

Virtue
 Mutual affection

The Two Things to be Rejected

Pride
 Sloth

[Here end the *Twos*]

The One Thing of Both Good and Evil Effect

Honor preserved
 [Here ends the *One*]

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MAKING ROOM FOR SHAKESPEARE

'THE Old Vic' is a disrespectful British abbreviation which has become classic because of the excellence of the famous theatrical enterprise it represents. Across the Thames, not far from the Waterloo Bridge, it stands — across the river from 'the City,' much like the famous Bankside theatres of Shakespeare's day, though not on the same site. Its setting is appropriate, for to the Old Vic Shakespeare owes the modern revival of many a play that would otherwise have gone a-begging. It boasts of producing everything he wrote. Even *Titus Andronicus*, that sorry botch of gore and tears, had its first London production for fifty years upon this enterprising stage. Nor does the theatre stop with Shakespeare. It is also the home of opera at popular prices, while in behind its stage and up above the theatre itself a workmen's college finds quarters where he who will may learn biology or languages or literature.

Needless to say, the building is a trifle crowded. There is only one large rehearsal room, which, at any given time, is serving for the rehearsals of the next two operas and the next Shakespearean play; and there is only one day a week when the opera singers can have a stage rehearsal. Even this is possible only by closing down the theatre on Tuesdays.

In spite of its handicaps, the Old Vic has cleared expenses. It does not work for profit, but it must — and unlike a good many similar foundations it does — pay its own way. The guarantors consequently feel so encouraged

that they now propose to take over the old Sadler's Wells theatre in North London and transform it into an opera house. The Old Vic would then be able to devote itself entirely to Shakespeare, while Sadler's Wells, with its ancient theatrical traditions, would confine itself to opera.

It is sixty-three years since the famous English actor Phelps retired from Sadler's Wells, after producing in his eighteen years upon the stage all but three or four of Shakespeare's plays — a record never beaten until the Old Vic recently completed the cycle. Even before his day, a day which began in 1844, — the year, by the way, when the *Living Age* was founded, — the Sadler's Wells theatre already had a long tradition. Grimaldi, the famous clown, sang his songs and cracked his jokes there, and it was there, under the Phelps régime, that Sir Henry Irving as an auditor received his earliest impression of Shakespeare.

It would be a mistake to imagine that Sadler's Wells was an unduly solemn repertory theatre. Shakespeare was not its only dramatic god, as a bit of personal reminiscence by Mr. H. M. Walbrook in the *Daily Telegraph* may testify: —

At that time Sadler's Wells had a black cat that was almost as popular with the audience as any of the actors. It used generally to come on in serious scenes and go through the peculiar toilet exercises of these quadrupeds while the hero or the heroine was pumping up emotions calculated to rend the heart. On one occasion it interfered cynically with the great thrill of

the evening. The scene was a stretch of railway line across the moonlit moor. The villain had strapped the heroine to the metals, and a wobbly red signal showed that the down express was due. There lay the gagged and helpless girl in a patch of limelight, while a sound resembling the shaking of bullets in a tin kettle indicated that the train was speeding nearer and nearer. At that moment the resident quadruped strolled on, sniffed here and there, and finally settled herself tranquilly in the limelight and commenced her singular operations. The train came on, drawn by an engine with a lighted squib of some sort or other shooting out sparks from the smokestack. At the same moment the hero also rushed forward, stopped the train, — which swayed and very nearly fell over, — rescued the maiden, and down came the curtain. When it rose again the cat had disappeared, so the gallery roared for it, and presently the heroine came forward with the quadruped clasped to her bosom, and enjoyed a veritable ovation.

The superstitious folk of the theatre always contended that Sadler's Wells, in spite of its tradition, was an unlucky theatre; but, as Mr. Walbrook observes, 'they talked nonsense.' He believes that the problem is solely one of intelligent management, and of its intelligence the Old Vic management has given abundant proof. If the financial details can be arranged, London is assured of a repertory home for opera and of more Shakespeare than it ever had before.

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THE KEATS HOUSE AND A DISCOVERY

THE Keats House at Hampstead, which has just been placed by the ever vigilant National Committee — the same organization that lately completed the rescue of Stoke Poges Churchyard from the real estate 'developer' — in the permanent custody of the Hampstead Borough Council, received at its formal opening last month a relic of unique interest — the only portrait of Fanny

Brawne known to exist. Even this does not show the girl of seventeen who fascinated, inspired, and tormented the great John o'Dreams, but a somewhat more mature though still beautiful young woman. Until the existence of this miniature was revealed, the only physical presentment of the girl who so tremendously influenced her poet-lover's life and work has been a single and most unsatisfactory silhouette. All this time, however, the miniature was lying hid in the possession of Mrs. Oswald Ellis, the daughter of Fanny Brawne's son — for Keats's fiancée eventually married another man after he 'whose name was writ in water' had died, despite Severn's tender care, in Rome.

Extraordinarily interesting though it is, however, the miniature is not to remain in the Keats House, which will have to be content with a replica, but will go back to its owner. Mrs. Ellis has made an outright gift of several other relics of her grandmother, and from this and from other sources the Keats House will receive a collection of Keats relics of very great interest. Here will be housed in perpetuity the life mask of Keats, the plaster bust made under the supervision of Fanny Brawne and the poet's sister, the lock of Keats's hair cut after his death by Severn, drafts of his poems, books, and letters, and the engagement ring which Keats gave to Fanny Brawne and which she wore to the end of her life. Though it is not possible to restore the house to the exact condition of a hundred years ago, it has been made as near as may be like what it then was, and this with all conceivable care and taste.

The chief difficulty is that the house has been partly rebuilt in the hundred years that have passed since the poet occupied it. Originally two houses, it has been thrown into one,

and the room which Keats occupied is one of those which have been altered. So far as humanly possible, however, the old house in its old aspect has been given back to us.

*

MR. MILNE IN LONDON

MR. A. A. MILNE's play, *Ariadne, or Business First*, — excerpts from which appeared in the *Living Age* for March 7, — is now running at the Haymarket Theatre, London, the British production being several months later than the Theatre Guild's New York production. The chief fault that the British critics find with it is the improbability of the plot. The chief praise they grant it is the adroitness and brilliancy of the Milne dialogue, which atones for that defect — if it is a defect.

In the *Sunday Times* Mr. James Agate complains that 'as usual Mr. Milne lacks the courage of his first act.' This dramatic pusillanimity consists in failing to let the proposed luncheon with a man not the heroine's husband — no very heinous offense, in these degenerate days — take place. 'What we want to see,' says Mr. Agate, 'is how *Ariadne* will behave at the clandestine lunch. What we get is the reason why it does not take place.' But surely it is a little unreasonable to insist that a dramatist shall provide his audience with a luncheon as well as a play, if he does not happen to be inclined to gastronomy.

Nor is it quite fair to criticize a plot for improbability — nothing being quite so wildly or dramatically improbable as life itself, as witness any morning paper. The quality of the dramatist's handiwork is the whole matter. As the highly critical *Morning Post* observes, 'Everything depends on Mr. Milne's telling,' and that telling is very satisfactory. 'In performance it is vastly diverting, the half-farcical ac-

tion being borne along from situation to situation on a rippling stream of sparkling dialogue.'

The critic of the *Times*, who must have been in a particularly puritanical mood that evening, objects to the adjective 'woozy' which reckless Mr. Milne permits a young lady to use in his play, and protests that he (the aforesaid critic) does not know what it means. Oh, blessed innocence!

*

POETS IN VAUDEVILLE

THE Champs Élysées Music Hall in Paris has begun a series of performances by three distinguished French poets, who appear in readings from their own works as ordinary 'variety turns.' The writers thus favored are the esoteric Paul Fort, the academician Jean Richepin, and the Comtesse de Noailles. The impractical nature popularly supposed to characterize all versifiers evidently does not extend to the thrifty land of France, for M. Richepin was quick to object to the salary offered him, on the strictly businesslike ground that it was less than the salary paid to the comedian of the Bouffes Parisiennes. The manager, doubly thrifty because he was both Frenchman and manager, pointed out that the comedian appeared in character, whereas M. Richepin was asked to appear merely as himself, the latter being obviously far less trouble. But M. Richepin, being a thrifty Frenchman as well as a poet, countered with an offer to appear upon the stage in his uniform as a member of the French Academy. The ultimate decision as to the fee is a dark, dark mystery.

The whole idea is most unusual — more's the pity. Who can imagine Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, or Mr. Robert Frost, signing contracts with Keith's — though Mr. Vachel Lindsay might be another matter? In England

the thing would be almost equally incredible, despite the fact that Harold Monro at his poetry bookshop in England did contrive poetry-readings every Thursday afternoon for years and years. Rupert Brooke, Ralph Hodgson, and Walter de la Mare were some of the English poets who appeared and read from their own works, but in general the Englishman is too shy to read poetry outside his library, and the American thinks poetry-reading is hardly 'efficient.' As a matter of fact, it is n't.



THE PROFANE USES OF SCIENCE

SINCE that historic day when Dr. Samuel Johnson paralyzed the abusive fishwives of Billingsgate with the mathematical 'objurgation of 'Rectangular parallelepipeds,' science has progressed a great deal. There are now several brand-new sciences whose abusive possibilities had never yet been explored until Sir Henry Hadow, the dignified Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University, revealed them at the last annual Conference of the Royal Microscopical Society, a serious scientific body not ordinarily given to persiflage. One of the learned papers dealt with that sprightly little creature, the neutrophil polymorphonuclear leucocyte.

Then up spoke Sir Henry and said he:—

There can be no doubt to the lay mind what that phrase means.

It means that on all occasions of public controversy a man who is white-blooded and distressed in an unduly bewildering diversity of opinions is beloved by neither side.

I have hitherto thought and wanted to call him a mugwump, and have refrained from doing so because that is not a word of academic dignity, but in future I shall

know exactly how to deal with him. I shall call him a neutrophil polymorphonuclear leucocyte, and if that does not bring him to terms I shall regard him as beyond argument.



TIPSY MR. SWINBURNE

WRITING in the London *Bookman* after nearly sixty years of familiarity with literary London, Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves gives a vivid first-hand picture of Swinburne at the height of his fame. The meeting took place in the house of Major Evans Bell, and is thus described:—

Swinburne had just completed his play of *Bothwell*, and I was invited among others to hear him read that play aloud in Mrs. Bell's drawing-room. It would have been a somewhat long business had the poet read it to the end. But he did not do so (as I proceed to explain). The first act he read with great vigor and power. When he reached the second act he appeared to be suffering from neuralgia, for he covered one of his eyes with his hand. But when he came to the end of that act he shut up his book. He made the excuse that he was feeling too ill to go on, and went home supported by one of his friends. But it afterward appeared that, feeling nervous about his reading, he had fortified himself with a single glass of gin, which had been gradually going to his head until it had finally got the better of him. As a matter of fact, Swinburne had a very weak head, and could not stand nearly as much liquor as many of the friends with whom he associated could take with impunity.



A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

Daily Herald, London Pacifist and Labor organ, headlines a famous British philosopher: 'Bertrand Russell, One of the World's Greatest Teachers in Physics.'

BOOKS ABROAD

London Life in the 14th Century, by Charles Pendrill. London: Allen & Unwin, 1925. 10s. 6d.

London Life in the XVIII Century, by M. Dorothy George. London: Kegan Paul, 1925. 21s.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

WITHIN the last year or two notable additions have been made to the literature of Old London — books on London as a whole, on historic Chelsea, and on the Temple and the Inns of Court, for instance; and all have been full of attractive matter. The addition to the list of two more works of general rather than of purely local interest is sure to be welcomed.

In one of them, *London Life in the 14th Century*, Mr. Charles Pendrill insists that there is a 'Romance of Old London,' and thoroughly justifies his assertion. He shows us where to find it, often in the things which are daily before our eyes, but which we fail to understand — the 'liberties' of the City, the Livery Companies, the old civic records in which the origin of laws and customs accepted without question to-day are disclosed. He describes, almost as one whose memory goes back to the time with which he deals, the conditions of life of the citizen of six hundred years ago, his political interests, his business, and the way in which he found his entertainment, stood up for his rights, made provision for his poorer neighbor, and generally behaved himself. Four centuries later, no doubt, these were regarded as 'the good old days'; but Miss M. Dorothy George, in *London Life in the XVIII Century*, makes us wonder why. An enormous advance had been made by that time. London had become of infinitely greater importance, and its people had grown more enlightened; and yet even this later period — our own 'good old days' — was that of which Fielding and Hogarth have left us such impressions, in which folly was at one end of the social scale and squalor at the other. But Fielding felt justified in insisting, even so, that it was false to say that 'we have refined away all our simplicity and have become artificial, hypocritical, and on the whole worse than we were half a century ago . . . we are a much better people than we were then.'

The old idea tries hard to persist. Always the days which are long past seem to be 'the good old days.' But such books as these, fortunately, help to dispel the error and still show us how interesting the study of these days may be.

The Origin of the New Testament, by Adolph von Harnack. London: Williams and Norgate. 1925. 6s.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

THIS work, translated from the German of Harnack, by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, outlines succinctly the history of the New Testament up to the opening years of the third century. The history of the Canon of the New Testament has been divided into two sections, in the first of which the origin is described, and in the second the enlargement. The motive forces that led up to the creation of the New Testament are treated in detail; the consequences of this creation are examined in sequence. And the author shows with extreme lucidity that consequences by no means always correspond to motives, and that a creation in its turn becomes the creator of its own law and pursues the path of its own logic. Still, the author is clearly right in claiming that any knowledge of the creation of the New Testament is imperfect without the knowledge of what in actual fact came into existence at its birth. 'The investigation,' he concludes, 'of the history of the New Testament from Origen, and still more from Athanasius downward, is, except in a few important points, only of interest to scholars; but to know what the New Testament meant to the Church as soon as it was created belongs to general theological culture.' It is precisely this contribution to the theological culture of the general reader that is presented in this erudite and extremely lucid exposition.

Modern English Writers, by Harold Williams. London: Sidgwick and Jackson; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925.

[A. St. John Adcock in *Sunday Times*]

IN *Modern English Writers* Mr. Harold Williams has given us an ample, shrewdly critical review of what was doing in the English literary world between 1890 and 1914; and the fact that his book has now arrived at a third and revised edition is a most practical testimony to its quality and usefulness. To have studied and appraised the works of some three hundred modern authors (to say nothing of, perhaps, as many more who were weighed and found wanting, and left in outer darkness) was no light task, and to speak of flaws in what is, on the whole, so excellently well done seems somewhat ungracious. But I wish Mr. Williams had carried his revisions a little further, for I feel that his

friends misled him in assuring him in this third edition that his book is 'more up to date than shortly after its publication.'

There is a lack of proportion — and was, I think, even in 1914 — in devoting a page, for example, to W. E. Tirebuck's novels and merely naming Hugh Walpole, J. D. Beresford, Compton Mackenzie, Frank Swinnerton, and D. H. Lawrence among the 'also rans.' And remembering *The Monkey's Paw* and *The Brown Man's Servant*, is it right to assert so confidently that W. W. Jacobs is 'only wearisome when he attempts to write in other veins than humorous'?

Again, in a full criticism of Mr. Alfred Noyes, which is sometimes appreciative, sometimes not, no reference is made to what many of us regard as his finest and most magically imaginative work, the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, published in 1912. Nor is there a word anywhere about Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, nor anything of Mr. de la Mare as a writer of fiction, except that two of his books in this kind are included in the newly added bibliography.

These and other such lapses were no doubt inevitable in so crowded a chronicle. But half a dozen bad coins won't make a rich man poor, and two or three errors — some of which may pass as matters of opinion — cannot make *Modern English Writers* other than a brilliantly clever book. Its study of the nineties, and of literary developments thereafter, down to the eve of the war, is a masterly achievement.

Whether he is dealing with Hardy, Kipling, Conrad, Barrie, Shaw, May Sinclair, Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, and their peers, or the numerous lesser lights of his period, Mr. Williams is refreshingly outspoken, and his judgments are as sound and discriminating as the judgments of mortal man may be. He is neither orthodox in his opinions nor diffident. You may not always agree with him, but he knows what he thinks and why he thinks it. He has the rare art of saying much in little room, — for even five hundred pages is little room for so large a survey, — and, moreover, of saying it candidly, lucidly, interestingly.

The Journal of Nicholas Cresswell, 1774-1777.
London: Jonathan Cape, 1925. 15s.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

NICHOLAS CRESSWELL, oldest son of a landowner in the Peak of Derbyshire, set out to try his fortune in America in 1774, and kept a diary of his venture, which has now been printed by a great-great-nephew of the diarist. The chief interest of the book lies in the fact that Cresswell, to his own undoing, ran his head into the turmoil following the Declaration of Rights and

the opening of the War of Independence. He was in the States until 1777, chiefly in Virginia, though he traveled to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and New York. His position as a stiff-backed 'King's Friend' among the seething politics of the 'Rebellion' was a curious and uncomfortable one. Though suspected as a spy, and at one time searched and put on parole, he seems to have moved about the country without much hindrance, and to have had abundant opportunity for following the course of the revolution. It must be said that the result of his observation is a little disappointing. His first concern was with the resources of the country and his own plans for a successful settlement there, and he is apt to treat the political upheaval as a diabolically engineered interference with the course of nature and his own designs. He was so solid a Tory that the new ideas of the colonists could hardly penetrate his mind. He was unable to imagine how Washington's ragged levies could possibly beat the British forces, and each American success only moves him to curses against the 'd—n scoundrels.' But we get, nevertheless, a notable account of the state of things in Virginia, a picture of the odd mixture of 'rebels' with a considerable leaven of English sympathizers, — who seem to have been, on the whole, treated very indulgently, — of the soaring prices of food and clothes, of the wild farrago of rumors which passed for news, of the drum ecclesiastic so vigorously beaten by the local preachers. There is a carefully studied sketch of the character and career of Washington, by whom Cresswell had been entertained, and some uncomplimentary notices of General Howe, with whom he had interviews in New York. On the condition of the country, apart from politics, his observations are often illuminating. He was much impressed by the free-handed hospitality of the people, their fondness for dances and other junketings, their handiness as 'universal Mechanics, Carpenters, Sadlers, and Coopers'; but he is astonished at their indolence and general incapacity as agriculturists. He is shocked by slavery; but admires the Indians, to the point of contemplating flight from 'Yankee civilization' and throwing in his lot with the noble savage among the Shawnee or Delaware tribes.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

BURGIN, GEORGE B. *Some More Memoirs*. London: Hutchinson, 18s.

KEYSERLING, COUNT HERMANN. *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1925. \$10.00.

ARE YOU A SPORT?

SPURRED by the success of its cross-word puzzle, the Living Age is making another bid to the sporting instincts of its readers. It is an appeal not only to the intelligence, but to the passions.

The scheme is to offer two prizes (the sums are of little significance, it is the glory that matters) of \$15 and \$10 for the two best letters of not more than three hundred words written to our editors about

HINDENBURG

It is a subject on which you surely have an opinion. Perhaps you think Hindy is a great man. Perhaps you think he is a great fool. Perhaps you think he is a great figurehead. At all events, the editors of the Living Age would like to hear what you have to say.

To the author of the best letter will go the princely sum of \$15. The runner-up will have to be content with a mere \$10. A number of honorable mentions will also be awarded—how many we cannot say, as that is up to you—and each one of them will receive the Living Age free for six months. The winning letters will be printed in our July 11 issue—also the names of the winners of honorable mentions. (There is fame for you.)

In writing your letter, it makes no difference which side, if any, you take. Simply remember that the limit is three hundred words, and that we must receive your letter by the 20th of June. The contest is open to anybody who is lucky enough to hear of it. You do not have to be a subscriber to the Living Age to compete. All you need is a two-cent stamp, pen, paper, and something to say.

EXTRA ATTRACTION! Announcement of the winners will be made over the radio from station WGY, Schenectady, Saturday evening, July 11.

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A neat, compact, beautiful format makes the Magazine easy to handle and pleasant to look upon.

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The editorial matter is unified so that your reading may be uninterrupted.

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Many drawings, sketches, and photographs enliven and illustrate the contents.

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Special super paper is used for the reproduction of illustrations.

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Egg-shell paper, particularly adapted to the eye, is used for unillustrated portions and for the printing of line drawings.

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Ten-point Old Style type, easy to read, clear, open, is used in the body of the Magazine.

★ ★ ★

We believe that the June number, now current, proves the effectual capture of the rabbit.

★ ★ ★

The response to it would seem to prove it.

★ ★ ★

Letters began to arrive from mail subscribers before the Magazine was on sale at the news stands (where it can now — if you're lucky — be procured for 35 cents).

★ ★ ★

Newspapers printed editorials on Senator Bruce's article, and Judge Winston's, on the morning of publication. Others telegraphed for permission to reprint portions of them.

★ ★ ★

Alexander Woolcott in the current Vanity Fair voices his praises of Captain Thomason's thrilling narrative.

★ ★ ★

News stands in many places sold out both the May and the June numbers before they had been published a week.

★ ★ ★

The safest way is to subscribe, for the July number is going to show the effect of that fundamental demand: "First get your material."